

HOLMES \* BROWN

MODERN CLASSICS

## MODERN CLASSICS.

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## MODERN CLASSICS.

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Modern Classics.

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THE STORY OF IRIS, AND  
FAVORITE POEMS.

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

HEALTH.

FIVE LAY SERMONS TO WORKING-PEOPLE.

By JOHN BROWN, M. D.

*ILLUSTRATED.*



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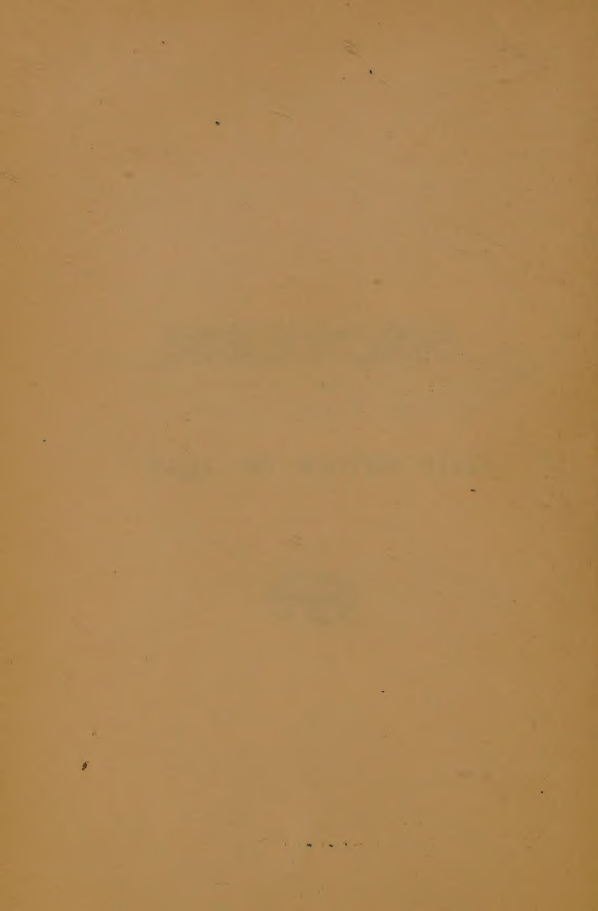
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THE STORY OF IRIS.







## IRIS.



### I.



TOLD you that I was perfectly sure, beforehand, we should find some pleasing girlish or womanly shape to fill the blank at our table and match the dark-haired youth at the upper corner.

There she sits, at the very opposite corner, just as far off as accident could put her from this handsome fellow, by whose side she ought, of course, to be sitting. One of the "positive" blondes, as my friend, you may remember, used to call them. Tawny-haired, amber-eyed, full-throated, skin as white as a blanched almond. Looks dreamy to me, not self-conscious, though a black ribbon round her neck sets it off as a Marie-Antoinette's diamond-

necklace could not do. So in her dress, there is a harmony of tints that looks as if an artist had run his eye over her and given a hint or two like the finishing touch to a picture. I can't help being struck with her, for she is at once rounded and fine in feature, looks calm, as blondes are apt to, and as if she might run wild, if she were trifled with. — It is just as I knew it would be, — and anybody can see that our young Marylander will be dead in love with her in a week.

Then if that little man would only turn out immensely rich and have the good-nature to die and leave them all his money, it would be as nice as a three-volume novel.

The Little Gentleman is in a flurry, I suspect, with the excitement of having such a charming neighbor next him. I judge so mainly by his silence and by a certain rapt and serious look on his face, as if he were thinking of something that had happened, or that might happen, or that ought to happen, — or how beautiful her young life looked, or how hardly Nature had dealt with him, or something struck him silent, at any rate. I made several conversational openings for him, but he did not fire up as he often does. I even

went so far as to indulge in a fling at the State House, which, as we all know, is in truth a very imposing structure, covering less ground than St. Peter's but of similar general effect. The little man looked up, but did not reply to my taunt. He said to the young lady, however, that the State House was the Parthenon of our Acropolis, which seemed to please her, for she smiled, and he reddened a little, — so I thought. I don't think it right to watch persons who are the subjects of special infirmity, — but we all do it.

I see that they have crowded the chairs a little at that end of the table, to make room for another new-comer of the lady sort. A well-mounted, middle-aged preparation, wearing her hair without a cap, — pretty wide in the parting, though, — contours vaguely hinted, — features very quiet, — says little as yet, but seems to keep her eye on the young lady, as if having some responsibility for her.

## II.

You remember, perhaps, in some papers published awhile ago, an odd poem written by an old Latin tutor? He brought up at the

verb *amo*, I love, as all of us do, and by and by Nature opened her great living dictionary for him at the word *filia*, a daughter. The poor man was greatly perplexed in choosing a name for her. *Lucretia* and *Virginia* were the first that he thought of; but then came up those pictured stories of Titus Livius, which he could never read without crying, though he had read them a hundred times.

Lucretia sending for her husband and her father, each to bring one friend with him, and awaiting them in her chamber. To them her wrongs briefly. Let them see to the wretch, — she will take care of herself. Then the hidden knife flashes out and sinks into her heart. She slides from her seat, and falls dying. “Her husband and her father cry aloud.” — No, — not Lucretia.

— Virginius, — a brown old soldier, father of a nice girl. She engaged to a very promising young man. Decemvir Appius takes a violent fancy to her, — must have her at any rate. Hires a lawyer to present the arguments in favor of the view that she was another man’s daughter. There used to be lawyers in Rome that would do such things. — All right. There are two sides to everything. *Audi al-*

*teram partem.* The legal gentleman has no opinion, — he only states the evidence. — A doubtful case. Let the young lady be under the protection of the Honorable Decemvir until it can be looked up thoroughly. — Father thinks it best, on the whole, to give in. Will explain the matter, if the young lady and her maid will step this way. *That* is the explanation, — a stab with a butcher's knife, snatched from a stall, meant for other lambs than this poor bleeding Virginia!

The old man thought over the story. Then he must have one look at the original. So he took down the first volume and read it over. When he came to that part where it tells how the young gentleman she was engaged to and a friend of his took up the poor girl's bloodless shape and carried it through the street, and how all the women followed, wailing, and asking if that was what their daughters were coming to, — if that was what they were to get for being good girls, — he melted down into his accustomed tears of pity and grief, and, through them all, of delight at the charming Latin of the narrative. But it was impossible to call his child Virginia. He could never look at her without thinking she had a knife sticking in her bosom.

*Dido* would be a good name, and a fresh one. She was a queen, and the founder of a great city. Her story had been immortalized by the greatest of poets, — for the old Latin tutor clove to “*Virgilius Maro*,” as he called him, as closely as ever Dante did in his memorable journey. So he took down his *Virgil*, — it was the smooth-leaved, open-lettered quarto of Baskerville, — and began reading the loves and mishaps of *Dido*. It would n’t do. A lady who had not learned discretion by experience, and came to an evil end. He shook his head, as he sadly repeated,

“ — *misera ante diem, subitoque accensa furore* ”;

but when he came to the lines,

“ *Ergo Iris croceis per cœlum roseida pennis  
Mille trahens varios adverso Sole colores,*”

he jumped up with a great exclamation, which the particular recording angel who heard it pretended not to understand, or it might have gone hard with the Latin tutor some time or other.

“*Iris* shall be her name!” — he said. So her name was *Iris*.



## III.

THE natural end of a tutor is to perish by starvation. It is only a question of time, just as with the burning of college libraries. These all burn up sooner or later, provided they are not housed in brick or stone and iron. I don't mean that you will see in the registry of deaths that this or that particular tutor died of well-marked, uncomplicated starvation. They *may*, even, in extreme cases, be carried off by a thin, watery kind of apoplexy, which sounds very well in the returns, but means little to those who know that it is only debility settling on the head. Generally, however, they fade and waste away under various pretexts, — calling it dyspepsia, consumption, and so on, to put a decent appearance upon the case and keep up the credit of the family and the institution where they have passed through the successive stages of inanition.

In some cases it takes a great many years to kill a tutor by the process in question. You see, they do get food and clothes and fuel, in appreciable quantities, such as they are. You will even notice rows of books in their rooms, and a picture or two, — things that look as if

they had surplus money ; but these superfluities are the *water of crystallization* to scholars, and you can never get them away till the poor fellows effloresce into dust. Do not be deceived. The tutor breakfasts on coffee made of beans, edulcorated with milk watered to the verge of transparency ; his mutton is tough and elastic, up to the moment when it becomes tired out and tasteless ; his coal is a sullen, sulphurous anthracite, which rusts into ashes, rather than burns, in the shallow grate ; his flimsy broad-cloth is too thin for winter and too thick for summer. The greedy lungs of fifty hot-blooded boys suck the oxygen from the air he breathes in his recitation-room. In short, he undergoes a process of gentle and gradual starvation.

—— The mother of little Iris was not called Electra, like hers of the old story, neither was her grandfather Oceanus. Her blood-name, which she gave away with her heart to the Latin tutor, was a plain old English one, and her water-name was Hannab, beautiful as recalling the mother of Samuel, and admirable as reading equally well from the initial letter forwards and from the terminal letter backwards. The poor lady, seated with her companion at the chess-board of matrimony,

had but just pushed forward her one little white pawn upon an empty square, when the Black Knight, that cares nothing for castles or kings or queens, swooped down upon her and swept her from the larger board of life.

The old Latin tutor put a modest blue stone at the head of his late companion, with her name and age and *Eheu!* upon it, — a smaller one at her feet, with initials ; and left her by herself, to be rained and snowed on, — which is a hard thing to do for those whom we have cherished tenderly.

About the time that the lichens, falling on the stone, like drops of water, had spread into fair, round rosettes, the tutor had starved into a slight cough. Then he began to draw the buckle of his black pantaloons a little tighter, and took another reef in his never-ample waistcoat. His temples got a little hollow, and the contrasts of color in his cheeks more vivid than of old. After a while his walks fatigued him, and he was tired, and breathed hard after going up a flight or two of stairs. Then came on other marks of inward trouble and general waste, which he spoke of to his physician as peculiar, and doubtless owing to accidental

causes; to all which the doctor listened with deference, as if it had not been the old story that one in five or six of mankind in temperate climates tells, or has told for him, as if it were something new. As the doctor went out, he said to himself, — “On the rail at last. Accommodation train. A good many stops, but will get to the station by and by.” So the doctor wrote a recipe with the astrological sign of Jupiter before it (just as your own physician does, inestimable reader, as you will see, if you look at his next prescription), and departed, saying he would look in occasionally. After this, the Latin tutor began the usual course of “getting better,” until he got so much better that his face was very sharp, and when he smiled, three crescent lines showed at each side of his lips, and when he spoke, it was in a muffled whisper, and the white of his eye glistened as pearly as the purest porcelain, — so much better, that he hoped — by spring — he — might be able — to — attend — — to his class again. — But he was recommended not to expose himself, and so kept his chamber, and occasionally, not having anything to do, his bed. The unmarried sister with whom he lived took care of him; and the

child, now old enough to be manageable, and even useful in trifling offices, sat in the chamber, or played about.

Things could not go on so forever, of course. One morning his face was sunken and his hands were very, very cold. He was "better," he whispered, but sadly and faintly. After a while he grew restless and seemed a little wandering. His mind ran on his classics, and fell back on the Latin grammar.

"Iris!" he said, — "*filiola mea!*" — The child knew this meant *my dear little daughter* as well as if it had been English. — "Rainbow!" — for he would translate her name at times, — "come to me, — *veni*" — and his lips went on automatically, and murmured, "*vel venito!*" — The child came and sat by his bedside and took his hand, which she could not warm, but which shot its rays of cold all through her slender frame. But there she sat, looking steadily at him. Presently he opened his lips feebly, and whispered, "*Moribundus.*" She did not know what that meant, but she saw that there was something new and sad. So she began to cry; but presently remembering an old book that seemed to comfort him at times, got up and brought a Bible in the Latin

version, called the Vulgate. "Open it," he said, — I will read, — *segnius irritant*, — don't put the light out, — ah ! *hæret lateri*, — I am going, — *vale, vale, vale*, good by, good by, — the Lord take care of my child ! — *Domine, audi* — *vel audito !*" — His face whitened suddenly, and he lay still, with open eyes and mouth. He had taken his last degree.

—— Little Miss Iris could not be said to begin life with a very brilliant rainbow over her, in a worldly point of view. A limited wardrobe of man's attire, such as poor tutors wear, — a few good books, principally classics, — a print or two, and a plaster model of the Pantheon, with some pieces of furniture which had seen service, — these, and a child's heart full of tearful recollections and strange doubts and questions, alternating with the cheap pleasures which are the anodynes of childish grief ; such were the treasures she inherited. — No, — I forgot. With that kindly sentiment which all of us feel for old men's first children, — frost-flowers of the early winter season, — the old tutor's students had remembered him at a time when he was laughing and crying with his new parental emotions, and running to the side of the plain crib in which his *alter ego*, as he used

to say, was swinging, to hang over the little heap of stirring clothes, from which looked the minute, red, downy, still, round face, with unfixed eyes and working lips, — in that unearthly gravity which has never yet been broken by a smile, and which gives to the earliest moon-year or two of an infant's life the character of a *first old age*, to counterpoise that *second childhood* which there is one chance in a dozen it may reach by and by. The boys had remembered the old man and young father at that tender period of his hard, dry life. There came to him a fair, silver goblet, embossed with classical figures, and bearing on a shield the graven words, *Ex dono pupillorum*. The handle on its side showed what use the boys had meant it for, and a kind letter in it, written with the best of feeling, in the worst of Latin, pointed delicately to its destination. Out of this silver vessel, after a long, desperate, strangling cry, which marked her first great lesson in the realities of life, the child took the blue milk, such as poor tutors and their children get, tempered with water, and sweetened a little, so as to bring it nearer the standard established by the touching indulgence and partiality of Nature, — who has

mingled an extra allowance of sugar in the blameless food of the child at its mother's breast, as compared with that of its infant brothers and sister of the bovine race.

But a willow will grow in baked sand wet with rain-water. An air-plant will grow by feeding on the winds. Nay, those huge forests that overspread great continents have built themselves up mainly from the air-currents with which they are always battling. The oak is but a foliated atmospheric crystal deposited from the aerial ocean that holds the future vegetable world in solution. The storm that tears its leaves has paid tribute to its strength, and it breasts the tornado clad in the spoils of a hundred hurricanes.

Poor little Iris ! What had she in common with the great oak in the shadow of which we are losing sight of her ? — She lived and grew like that, — this was all. The blue milk ran into her veins and filled them with thin, pure blood. Her skin was fair, with a faint tinge, such as the white rosebud shows before it opens. The doctor who had attended her father was afraid her aunt would hardly be able to “raise” her, — “delicate child,” — hoped she was not consumptive, — thought



there was a fair chance she would take after her father.

A very forlorn-looking person, dressed in black, with a white neckcloth, sent her a memoir of a child who died at the age of two years and eleven months, after having fully indorsed all the doctrines of the particular persuasion to which he not only belonged himself, but thought it very shameful that everybody else did not belong. What with foreboding looks and dreary death-bed stories, it was a wonder the child made out to live through it. It saddened her early years, of course, — it distressed her tender soul with thoughts which, as they cannot be fully taken in, should be sparingly used as instruments of torture to break down the natural cheerfulness of a healthy child, or, what is infinitely worse, to cheat a dying one out of the kind illusions with which the Father of All has strewed its downward path.

The child would have died, no doubt, and, if properly managed, might have added another to the long catalogue of wasting children who have been as cruelly played upon by spiritual physiologists, often with the best intentions, as ever the subject of a rare disease by the curious students of science.

Fortunately for her, however, a wise instinct had guided the late Latin tutor in the selection of the partner of his life, and the future mother of his child. The deceased tutoress was a tranquil, smooth woman, easily nourished, as such people are, — a quality which is inestimable in a tutor's wife, — and so it happened that the daughter inherited enough vitality from the mother to live through childhood and infancy and fight her way towards womanhood, in spite of the tendencies she derived from her other parent.

—— Two and two do not always make four, in this matter of hereditary descent of qualities. Sometimes they make three, and sometimes five. It seems as if the parental traits at one time showed separate, at another blended, — that occasionally the force of two natures is represented in the derivative one by a diagonal of greater value than either original line of living movement, — that sometimes there is a loss of vitality hardly to be accounted for, and again a forward impulse of variable intensity in some new and unforeseen direction.

So it was with this child. She had glanced off from her parental probabilities at an unex-

pected angle. Instead of taking to classical learning like her father, or sliding quietly into household duties like her mother, she broke out early in efforts that pointed in the direction of Art. As soon as she could hold a pencil she began to sketch outlines of objects round her with a certain air and spirit. Very extraordinary horses, but their legs looked as if they could move. Birds unknown to Audubon, yet flying, as it were, with a rush. Men with impossible legs, which did yet seem to have a vital connection with their most improbable bodies. By and by the doctor, on his beast, — an old man with a face looking as if Time had kneaded it like dough with his knuckles, with a rhubarb tint and flavor pervading himself and his sorrel horse and all their appurtenances. A dreadful old man! Be sure she did not forget those saddle-bags that held the detestable bottles out of which he used to shake those loathsome powders which, to virgin childish palates that find heaven in strawberries and peaches, are — Well, I suppose I had better stop. Only she wished she was dead sometimes when she heard him coming. On the next leaf would figure the gentleman with the black coat and

white cravat, as he looked when he came and entertained her with stories concerning the death of various little children about her age, to encourage her, as that wicked Mr. Arouet said about shooting Admiral Byng. Then she would take her pencil, and with a few scratches there would be the outline of a child, in which you might notice how one sudden sweep gave the chubby cheek, and two dots darted at the paper looked like real eyes.

By and by she went to school, and caricatured the schoolmaster on the leaves of her grammars and geographies, and drew the faces of her companions, and, from time to time, heads and figures from her fancy, with large eyes, far apart, like those of Raffaelle's mothers and children, sometimes with wild floating hair, and then with wings and heads thrown back in ecstasy. This was at about twelve years old, as the dates of these drawings show, and, therefore, three or four years before she came among us. Soon after this time, the ideal figures began to take the place of the portraits and caricatures, and a new feature appeared in her drawing-books in the form of fragments of verse and short poems.

## IV.

It was dull work, of course, for such a young girl to live with an old spinster and go to a village school. Her books bore testimony to this; for there was a look of sadness in the faces she drew, and a sense of weariness and longing for some imaginary conditions of blessedness or other, which began to be painful. She might have gone through this flowering of the soul, and, casting her petals, subsided into a sober, human berry, but for the intervention of friendly assistance and counsel.

In the town where she lived was a lady of honorable condition, somewhat past middle age, who was possessed of pretty ample means, of cultivated tastes, of excellent principles, of exemplary character, and of more than common accomplishments. The gentleman in black broadcloth and white neckerchief only echoed the common voice about her, when he called her, after enjoying, beneath her hospitable roof, an excellent cup of tea, with certain elegances and luxuries he was unaccustomed to, "The Model of all the Virtues."

She deserved this title as well as almost any

woman. She did really bristle with moral excellences. Mention any good thing she had not done; I should like to see you try! There was no handle of weakness to take hold of her by; she was as unscizable, except in her totality, as a billiard-ball; and on the broad, green, terrestrial table, where she had been knocked about, like all of us, by the cue of Fortune, she glanced from every human contact, and "caromed" from one relation to another, and rebounded from the stuffed cushion of temptation, with such exact and perfect angular movements, that the Enemy's corps of Reporters had long given up taking notes of her conduct, as there was no chance for their master.

What an admirable person for the patroness and directress of a slightly self-willed child, with the lightning zigzag line of genius running like a glittering vein through the marble whiteness of her virgin nature! One of the lady-patroness's peculiar virtues was calmness. She was resolute and strenuous, but still. You could depend on her for every duty; she was as true as steel. She was kind-hearted and serviceable in all the relations of life. She had more sense, more knowledge, more conversation, as well as

more goodness, than all the partners you have waltzed with this winter put together.

Yet no man was known to have loved her, or even to have offered himself to her in marriage. It was a great wonder. I am very anxious to vindicate my character as a philosopher and an observer of Nature by accounting for this apparently extraordinary fact.

You may remember certain persons who have the misfortune of presenting to the friends whom they meet a cold, damp hand. There are states of mind in which a contact of this kind has a depressing effect on the vital powers that makes us insensible to all the virtues and graces of the proprietor of one of these life-absorbing organs. When they touch us, virtue passes out of us, and we feel as if our electricity had been drained by a powerful negative battery, carried about by an overgrown human torpedo.

“The Model of all the Virtues” had a pair of searching eyes as clear as Wenham ice; but they were slower to melt than that fickle jewelry. Her features disordered themselves slightly at times in a surface-smile, but never broke loose from their corners and indulged in the riotous tumult of a laugh, — which, I take

it, is the mob-law of the features, — and propriety the magistrate who reads the riot-act. She carried the brimming cup of her inestimable virtues with a cautious, steady hand, and an eye always on them, to see that they did not spill. Then she was an admirable judge of character. Her mind was a perfect laboratory of tests and reagents; every syllable you put into breath went into her intellectual eudiometer, and all your thoughts were recorded on litmus-paper. I think there has rarely been a more admirable woman. Of course, Miss Iris was immensely and passionately attached to her. — Well, — these are two highly oxygenated adverbs, — grateful, — suppose we say, — yes, — grateful, dutiful, obedient to her wishes for the most part, — perhaps not quite up to the concert pitch of such a perfect orchestra of the virtues.

We must have a weak spot or two in a character before we can love it much. People that do not laugh or cry, or take more of anything than is good for them, or use anything but dictionary words, are admirable subjects for biographies. But we don't always care most for those flat-pattern flowers that press best in the herbarium.



This immaculate woman, — why could n't she have a fault or two? Is n't there any old whisper which will tarnish that wearisome aureole of saintly perfection? Does n't she carry a lump of opium in her pocket? Is n't her cologne-bottle replenished oftener than its legitimate use would require? It would be such a comfort!

## V.

Not for the world would a young creature like Iris have let such words escape her, or such thoughts pass through her mind. Whether at the bottom of her soul lies any uneasy consciousness of an oppressive presence, it is hard to say, until we know more about her. Iris sits between the little gentleman and the "Model of all the Virtues," as the black-coated personage called her. I will watch them all.

I am sure that the young girl can hide nothing from me. Her skin is so transparent that one can almost count her heart-beats by the flushes they send into her cheeks. She does not seem to be shy, either. I think she does not know enough of danger to be timid. She seems to me like one of those birds that trav-

ellers tell of, found in remote, uninhabited islands, who, having never received any wrong at the hand of man, show no alarm at and hardly any particular consciousness of his presence.

The first thing will be to see how she and our little deformed gentleman get along together. The next thing will be to keep an eye on the duenna, — the “Model” and so forth, as the white neckcloth called her. The intention of that estimable lady is, I understand, to launch her and leave her. I suppose there is no help for it, and I don’t doubt this young lady knows how to take care of herself, but I do not like to see young girls turned loose in boarding-houses. Look here now! There is that jewel of his race, whom I have called for convenience the Koh-i-noor (you understand it is quite out of the question for me to use the family names of our boarders, unless I want to get into trouble), — I say, the gentleman with the *diamond* is looking very often and very intently, it seems to me, down toward the farther corner of the table, where sits our amber-eyed blonde. The landlady’s daughter does not look pleased, it seems to me, at this, nor at those other attentions which the gentleman referred to has, as I have learned, pressed upon the

newly-arrived young person. The landlady made a communication to me, within a few days after the arrival of Miss Iris, which I will repeat to the best of my remembrance.

He (the person I have been speaking of), — she said, — seemed to be kinder hankerin' round after that young woman. It had hurt her daughter's feelin's a good deal, that the gentleman she was a-keepin' company with should be offerin' tickets and tryin' to send presents to them that he'd never know'd till jest a little spell ago, — and he as good as merried, so fur as solemn promises went, to as respectable a young lady, if she did say so, as any there was round, whomsoever they might be.

Tickets! presents! — said I. — What tickets, what presents, has he had the impertinence to be offering to that young lady?

Tickets to the Múseum, — said the landlady. — There is them that's glad enough to go to the Múseum, when tickets is given 'em; but some of 'em ha'n't had a ticket sence Cenderilla was played, — and now he must be offerin' 'em to this ridiculous young paintress, or whatever she is, that's come to make more mischief than her board's worth. But it a'n't her fault, — said the landlady, relenting; —

and that aunt of hers, or whatever she is, served him right enough.

Why, what did she do?

Do? Why, she took it up in the tongs and dropped it out o' winder.

Dropped? dropped what? — I said.

Why, the *soap*, — said the landlady.

It appeared that the Koh-i-noor, to ingratiate himself, had sent an elegant package of perfumed soap, directed to Miss Iris, as a delicate expression of a lively sentiment of admiration, and that, after having met with the unfortunate treatment referred to, it was picked up by Master Benjamin Franklin, who appropriated it, rejoicing, and indulged in most unheard-of and inordinate ablutions in consequence, so that his hands were a frequent subject of maternal congratulation, and he smelt like a civet-cat for weeks after his great acquisition.

After watching daily for a time, I think I can see clearly into the relation which is growing up between the little gentleman and the young lady. She shows a tenderness to him that I can't help being interested in. If he was her crippled child, instead of being more than old enough to be her father, she could not

treat him more kindly. The landlady's daughter, said, the other day, she believed that girl was settin' her cap for the Little Gentleman.

Some of them young folks is very artful, — said her mother, — and there is them that would merry Lazarus, if he 'd only picked up crumbs enough: I don't think, though, this is one of that sort; she 's kinder childlike, — said the landlady, — and maybe never had any dolls to play with; for they say her folks was poor before Ma'am undertook to see to her teachin' and board her and clothe her.

I could not help overhearing this conversation. "Board her and clothe her!" — speaking of such a young creature! O dear! — Yes, — she must be fed, — just like Bridget, maid-of-all-work at this establishment. Somebody must pay for it. Somebody has a right to watch her and see how much it takes to "keep" her, and growl at her, if she has too good an appetite. Somebody has a right to keep an eye on her and take care that she does not dress too prettily. No mother to see her own youth over again in those fresh features and rising reliefs of half-sculptured womanhood, and, seeing its loveliness, forget her lessons of neutral-tinted propriety, and open the

cases that hold her own ornaments to find for her a necklace or a bracelet or a pair of earrings, — those golden lamps that light up the deep, shadowy dimples on the cheeks of young beauties, — swinging in a semibarbaric splendor that carries the wild fancy to Abyssinian queens and musky Odalisques! I don't believe any woman has utterly given up the great firm of Mundus & Co., so long as she wears ear-rings.

I think Iris loves to hear the Little Gentleman talk. She smiles sometimes at his vehement statements, but never laughs at him. When he speaks to her, she keeps her eye always steadily upon him. This may be only natural good-breeding, so to speak, but it is worth noticing. I have often observed that vulgar persons, and public audiences of inferior collective intelligence, have this in common: the least thing draws off their minds, when you are speaking to them. I love this young creature's rapt attention to her diminutive neighbor while he is speaking.

He is evidently pleased with it. For a day or two after she came, he was silent and seemed nervous and excited. Now he is fond of getting the talk into his own hands, and is

obviously conscious that he has at least one interested listener. Once or twice I have seen marks of special attention to personal adornment, — a ruffled shirt-bosom, one day, and a diamond pin in it, — not so *very* large as the Koh-i-noor's, but more lustrous. I mentioned the death's-head ring he wears on his right hand. I was attracted by a very handsome red stone, a ruby or carbuncle or something of the sort, to notice his left hand, the other day. It is a handsome hand, and confirms my suspicion that the cast mentioned was taken from his arm. After all, this is just what I should expect. It is not very uncommon to see the upper limbs, or one of them, running away with the whole strength, and, therefore, with the whole beauty, which we should never have noticed, if it had been divided equally between all four extremities. If it is so, of course he is proud of his one strong and beautiful arm; that is human nature. I am afraid he can hardly help betraying his favoritism, as people who have any one showy point are apt to do, — especially dentists with handsome teeth, who always smile back to their last molars.

Sitting, as he does, next to the young girl, and next but one to the calm lady who has her

in charge, he cannot help seeing their relations to each other.

That is an admirable woman, Sir, — he said to me one day, as we sat alone at the table after breakfast, — an admirable woman, Sir, — and I hate her.

Of course, I begged an explanation.

An admirable woman, Sir, because she does good things, and even kind things, — takes care of this — this — young lady — we have here, talks like a sensible person, and always looks as if she was doing her duty with all her might. I hate her because her voice sounds as if it never trembled, and her eyes look as if she never knew what it was to cry. Besides, she looks at me, Sir, stares at me, as if she wanted to get an image of me for some gallery in her brain, — and we don't love to be looked at in this way, we that have — I hate her, — I hate her, — her eyes kill me, — it is like being stabbed with icicles to be looked at so, — the sooner she goes home the better. I don't want a woman to weigh me in a balance; there are men enough for that sort of work. The judicial character is n't captivating in females, Sir. A woman fascinates a man quite as often by what she overlooks as by what she



sees. Love prefers twilight to daylight; and a man does n't think much of, nor care much for, a woman outside of his household, unless he can couple the idea of love, past, present, or future, with her. I don't believe the Devil would give half as much for the services of a sinner as he would for those of one of these folks that are always doing virtuous acts in a way to make them unpleasing. — That young girl wants a tender nature to cherish her and give her a chance to put out her leaves, — sunshine, and not east winds.

He was silent, — and sat looking at his handsome left hand with the red stone ring upon it. — Is he going to fall in love with Iris?

## VI.

THE young man John asked me to come up one day and try some “old Burbon,” which he said was A 1. On asking him what was the number of his room, he answered, that it was forty-'leven, sky-parlor floor, but that I should n't find it, if he didn't go ahead to show me the way. I followed him to his *habitat*, being very willing to see in what kind of

warren he burrowed, and thinking I might pick up something about the boarders who had excited my curiosity.

The young man John fell into a train of reflections which ended in his producing a Bologna sausage, a plate of "crackers," as we Boston folks call certain biscuits, and the bottle of whiskey described as being A 1.

Under the influence of the crackers and sausage, he grew cordial and communicative.

It was time, I thought, to sound him as to our boarders.

What do you think of our young Iris? — I began.

Fust-rate little filly; — he said. — Pootiest and nicest little chap I've seen since the schoolma'am left. Schoolma'am was a brown-haired one, — eyes coffee-color. This one has got wine-colored eyes, — 'n' that's the reason they turn a fellah's head, I suppose.

This is a splendid blonde, — I said, — the other was a brunette. Which style do you like best?

Which do I like best, boiled mutton or roast mutton? — said the young man John. Like 'em both, — it a'n't the color of 'em makes the goodness. I've been kind of lonely since

schoolma'am went away. Used to like to look at her. I never said anything particular to her, that I remember, but —

I don't know whether it was the cracker and sausage, or that the young fellow's feet were treading on the hot ashes of some longing that had not had time to cool, but his eye glistened as he stopped.

I suppose she wouldn't have looked at a fellah like me, — he said, — but I come pretty near tryin'. If she had said, Yes, though, I should n't have known what to have done with her. Can't marry a woman nowadays till you're so deaf you have to cock your head like a parrot to hear what she says, and so long-sighted you can't see what she looks like nearer than arm's-length.

Here is another chance for you, — I said. — What do you want nicer than such a young lady as Iris?

It's no use, — he answered. — I look at them girls and feel as the fellah did when he missed catchin' the trout. — 'To'od 'a' cost more butter to cook him 'n he's worth, — says the fellah. — Takes a whole piece o' goods to cover a girl up nowadays. I'd as lief undertake to keep a span of elephants, — and

take an ostrich to board, too,—as to marry one of 'em. What's the use? Clerks and counter-jumpers a'n't anything. Sparragrass and green peas a'n't for them, not while they 're young and tender. Hossback-ridin' a'n't for them,—except once a year,—on Fast-day. And marryin' a'n't for them. Sometimes a fellah feels lonely, and would like to have a nice young woman to tell her how lonely he feels. And sometimes a fellah,—here the young man John looked very confidential, and, perhaps, as if a little ashamed of his weakness,—sometimes a fellah would like to have one o' them small young ones to trot on his knee and push about in a little wagon,—a kind of a little Johnny, you know;—it's odd enough, but, it seems to me, nobody can afford them little articles, except the folks that are so rich they can buy everything, and the folks that are so poor they don't want anything. It makes nice boys of us young fellahs, no doubt! And it's pleasant to see fine young girls sittin', like shopkeepers behind their goods, waitin', and waitin', and waitin', 'n' no customers,—and the men lingerin' round and lookin' at the goods, like folks that want to be customers, but haven't got the money!

Do you think the deformed gentleman means to make love to Iris? — I said.

What! Little Boston ask that girl to marry him! Well, now, that's comin' of it a little too strong. Yes, I guess she will marry him and carry him round in a basket, like a lame bantam! Look here! — he said, mysteriously; — one of the boarders swears there's a woman comes to see him, and that he has heard her singin' and screechin'. I should like to know what he's about in that den of his. He lays low 'n' keeps dark, — and, I tell you, there's a good many of the boarders would like to get into his chamber, but he don't seem to want 'em. Biddy could tell somethin' about what she's seen when she's been to put his room to rights. She's a Paddy 'n' a fool, but she knows enough to keep her tongue still. All I know is, I saw her crossin' herself one day when she came out of that room. She looked pale enough, 'n' I heard her mutterin' somethin' or other about the Blessed Virgin. If it had n't been for the double doors to that chamber of his, I'd have had a squint inside before this; but, somehow or other, it never seems to happen that they're both open at once.

What do you think he employs himself about? — said I.

The young man John winked.

I waited patiently for the thought, of which this wink was the blossom, to come to fruit in words.

I don't believe in witches, — said the young man John.

Nor I.

We were both silent for a few minutes.

—— Did you ever see the young girl's drawing-books? — I said, presently.

All but one, — he answered; — she keeps a lock on that, and won't show it. Ma'am Allen (the young rogue sticks to that name, in speaking of the gentleman with the *diamond*), Ma'am Allen tried to peek into it one day when she left it on the sideboard. "If you please," says she, — 'n' took it from him, 'n' gave him a look that made him curl up like a caterpillar on a hot shovel. I only wished he had n't, and had jest given her a little saas, for I've been takin' boxin'-lessons, 'n' I've got a new way of counterin' I want to try on to somebody.

—— The end of all this was, that I came away from the young fellow's room, feeling that there were two principal things that I had to live for, for the next six weeks or six months,

if it should take so long. These were, to get a sight of the young girl's drawing-book, which I suspected had her heart shut up in it, and to get a look into the Little Gentleman's room.

I don't doubt you think it rather absurd that I should trouble myself about these matters. You tell me, with some show of reason, that all I shall find in the young girl's book will be some outlines of angels with immense eyes, traceries of flowers, rural sketches, and caricatures, among which I shall probably have the pleasure of seeing my own features figuring. Very likely. But I'll tell you what *I* think I shall find. If this child has idealized the strange little bit of humanity over which she seems to have spread her wings like a brooding dove, — if, in one of those wild vagaries that passionate natures are so liable to, she has fairly sprung upon him with her clasping nature, as the sea-flowers fold about the first stray shell-fish that brushes their outspread tentacles, depend upon it, I shall find the marks of it in this drawing-book of hers, — if I can ever get a look at it, — fairly, of course, for I would not play tricks to satisfy my curiosity.

Then, if I can get into this Little Gentleman's room under any fair pretext, I shall, no doubt,

satisfy myself in five minutes that he is just like other people, and that there is no particular mystery about him.

## VII.

I LOVE to look at this "Rainbow," as her father used sometimes to call her, of ours. Handsome creature that she is in forms and colors, fit for a sea-king's bride, it is not her beauty alone that holds my eyes upon her. Let me tell you one of my fancies, and then you will understand the strange sort of fascination she has for me.

It is in the hearts of many men and women — let me add children — that there is a *Great Secret* waiting for them, — a secret of which they get hints now and then, perhaps oftener in early than in later years. These hints come sometimes in dreams, sometimes in sudden startling flashes, — second wakings, as it were, — a waking out of the waking state, which last is very apt to be a half-sleep. I have many times stopped short and held my breath, and felt the blood leaving my cheeks, in one of these sudden clairvoyant flashes. Of course I cannot tell what kind of a secret this is; but



I think of it as a disclosure of certain relations of our personal being to time and space, to other intelligences, to the procession of events, and to their First Great Cause. This secret seems to be broken up, as it were, into fragments, so that we find here a word and there a syllable, and then again only a letter of it; but it never is written out for most of us as a complete sentence, in this life. I do not think it could be; for I am disposed to consider our beliefs about such a possible disclosure rather as a kind of premonition of an enlargement of our faculties in some future state than as an expectation to be fulfilled for most of us in this life. Persons, however, have fallen into trances—as did the Reverend William Tennent, among many others, — and learned some things which they could not tell in our human words.

Now among the visible objects which hint to us fragments of this infinite secret for which our souls are waiting, the faces of women are those that carry the most legible hieroglyphics of the great mystery. There are women's faces, some real, some ideal, which contain something in them that becomes a positive element in our creed, so direct and palpable a reve-

lation is it of the infinite purity and love. I remember two faces of women with wings, such as they call angels, of Fra Angelico, — and I just now came across a print of Raphael's Santa Apollina, with something of the same quality, — which I was sure had their prototypes in the world above ours. No wonder the Catholics pay their vows to the Queen of Heaven! The unpoetical side of Protestantism is that it has no women to be worshipped.

But mind you, it is not every beautiful face that hints the Great Secret to us, nor is it only in beautiful faces that we find traces of it. Sometimes it looks out from a sweet sad eye, the only beauty of a plain countenance; sometimes there is so much meaning in the lips of a woman, not otherwise fascinating, that we know they have a message for us, and wait almost with awe to hear their accents. But this young girl has at once the beauty of feature and the unspoken mystery of expression. Can she tell me anything? Is her life a complement of mine, with the missing element in it which I have been groping after through so many friendships that I have tired of, and through — Hush! Is the door fast? Talking loud is a bad trick in these curious boarding-houses.

You must have sometimes noted this fact that I am going to remind you of and to use for a special illustration. Riding along over a rocky road, suddenly the slow monotonous grinding of the crushing gravel changes to a deep heavy rumble. There is a great hollow under your feet, — a huge unsuspected cavern. Deep, deep beneath you, in the core of the living rock, it arches its awful vault, and far away it stretches its winding galleries, their roofs dripping into streams where fishes have been swimming and spawning in the dark until their scales are white as milk and their eyes have withered out, obsolete and useless.

So it is in life. We jog quietly along, meeting the same faces, grinding over the same thoughts, — the gravel of the soul's highway, — now and then jarred against an obstacle we cannot crush, but must ride over or round as we best may, sometimes bringing short up against a disappointment, but still working along with the creaking and rattling and grating and jerking that belong to the journey of life, even in the smoothest-rolling vehicle. Suddenly we hear the deep underground reverberation that reveals the unsuspected depth of some abyss of thought or passion beneath us.

I wish the girl would go. I don't like to look at her so much, and yet I cannot help it. Always that same expression of something that I ought to know, — something that she was made to tell and I to hear, — lying there ready to fall off from her lips, ready to leap out of her eyes and make a saint of me, or a devil or a lunatic, or perhaps a prophet to tell the truth and be hated of men, or a poet whose words shall flash upon the dry stubble-field of worn-out thoughts and burn over an age of lies in an hour of passion.

It suddenly occurs to me that I may have put you on the wrong track. The Great Secret that I refer to has nothing to do with the Three Words. Set your mind at ease about that, — there are reasons I could give you which settle all that matter. I don't wonder, however, that you confounded the Great Secret with the Three Words.

I LOVE YOU *is* all the secret that many, nay, most women have to tell. When that is said, they are like China-crackers on the morning of the fifth of July. And just as that little patriotic implement is made with a slender train which leads to the magazine in its interior, so a sharp eye can almost always see the train leading

from a young girl's eye or lip to the "I love you" in her heart. But the Three Words are not the Great Secret I mean. No, women's faces are only one of the tablets on which that is written in its partial, fragmentary symbols. It lies deeper than Love, though very probably Love is a part of it. Some, I think, — Wordsworth might be one of them, — spell out a portion of it from certain beautiful natural objects, landscapes, flowers, and others. I can mention several poems of his that have shadowy hints which seem to me to come near the region where I think it lies. I have known two persons who pursued it with the passion of the old alchemists, — all wrong evidently, but infatuated, and never giving up the daily search for it until they got tremulous and feeble, and their dreams changed to visions of things that ran and crawled about their floor and ceilings, and so they died. The vulgar called them drunkards.

I told you that I would let you know the mystery of the effect this young girl's face produces on me. It is akin to those influences a friend of mine has described, you may remember, as coming from certain *voices*. I cannot translate it into words, — only into

feelings ; and these I have attempted to shadow by showing that her face hinted that revelation of something we are close to knowing, which all imaginative persons are looking for either in this world or on the very threshold of the next.

This young girl, about whom I have talked so unintelligibly, is the unconscious centre of attraction to the whole solar system of our breakfast-table. The Little Gentleman leans towards her, and she again seems to be swayed as by some invisible gentle force towards him. That slight inclination of two persons with a strong affinity towards each other, throwing them a little out of plumb when they sit side by side, is a physical fact I have often noticed. Then there is a tendency in all the men's eyes to converge on her ; and I do firmly believe, that, if all their chairs were examined, they would be found a little obliquely placed, so as to favor the direction in which their occupants love to look.

That bland quiet old gentleman, of whom I have spoken as sitting opposite to me, is no exception to the rule. She brought down some mignonette one morning, which she had grown in her chamber. She gave a sprig to her little neighbor, and one to the landlady,

and sent another by the hand of Bridget to this old gentleman.

— Sarvant, Ma'am ! Much obleeged, — he said, and put it gallantly in his buttonhole. After breakfast he must see some of her drawings. Very fine performances, — very fine ! — truly elegant productions, — truly elegant ! — Had seen Miss Linley's needlework in London, in the year (eighteen hundred and little or nothing, I think he said), — patronized by the nobility and gentry and Her Majesty, — elegant, truly elegant productions, very fine performances ; these drawings reminded him of them ; — wonderful resemblance to Nature ; an extraordinary art, painting ; Mr. Copley made some very fine pictures that he remembered seeing when he was a boy. Used to remember some lines about a portrait written by Mr. Cowper, beginning, —

“ O that those lips had language ! Life has pass'd  
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.”

And with this the old gentleman fell to thinking about a dead mother of his that he remembered ever so much younger than he now was, and looking, not as his mother, but as his daughter should look. The dead young mother

was looking at the old man, her child, as she used to look at him so many, many years ago. He stood still as if in a waking dream, his eyes fixed on the drawings till their outlines grew indistinct and they ran into each other, and a pale, sweet face shaped itself out of the glimmering light through which he saw them.

How many drawing-books have you filled, — I said — since you began to take lessons? — This was the first, — she answered, — since she was here; and it was not full, but there were many separate sheets of large size she had covered with drawings.

I turned over the leaves of the book before us. Academic studies, principally of the human figure. Heads of sibyls, prophets, and so forth. Limbs from statues. Hands and feet from Nature. What a superb drawing of an arm! I don't remember it among the figures from Michel Angelo, which seem to have been her patterns mainly. From Nature, I think, or after a cast from Nature, — Oh! —

—— Your smaller studies are in this, I suppose, — I said, taking up the drawing-book with a lock on it. — Yes, — she said. — I should like to see her style of working on a small scale. — There was nothing in it worth



showing, — she said ; and presently I saw her try the lock, which proved to be fast. We are all caricatured in it, I have n't the least doubt. I think, though, I could tell by her way of dealing with us what her fancies were about us boarders. Some of them act as if they were bewitched with her, but she does not seem to notice it much. Her thoughts seem to be on her little neighbor more than on anybody else. The young fellow John appears to stand second in her good graces. I think he has once or twice sent her what the landlady's daughter calls bó-kays of flowers, — somebody has, at any rate. — I saw a book she had which must have come from the divinity-student. It had a dreary title-page, which she had enlivened with a fancy portrait of the author, — a face from memory, apparently, — one of those faces that small children loathe without knowing why, and which give them that inward disgust for heaven so many of the little wretches betray, when they hear that these are “good men,” and that heaven is full of such. — The gentleman with the *diamond* — the Koh-i-noor, so called by us — was not encouraged, I think, by the reception of his packet of perfumed soap. He pulls his pur-

ple mustache and looks appreciatingly at Iris, who never sees him as it should seem. The young Marylander, who I thought would have been in love with her before this time, sometimes looks from his corner across the long diagonal of the table, as much as to say, I wish you were up here by me, or I were down there by you, — which would, perhaps, be a more natural arrangement than the present one. But nothing comes of all this, — and nothing has come of my sagacious idea of finding out the girl's fancies by looking into her locked drawing-book.

Not to give up all the questions I was determined to solve, I made an attempt also to work into the Little Gentleman's chamber. For this purpose, I kept him in conversation, one morning, until he was just ready to go up stairs, and then, as if to continue the talk, followed him as he toiled back to his room. He rested on the landing and faced round toward me. There was something in his eye which said, Stop there ! So we finished our conversation on the landing. The next day, I mustered assurance enough to knock at his door, having a pretext ready. — No answer. — Knock again. A door, as if of a cabinet, was shut softly and locked, and presently I heard

the peculiar dead beat of his thick-soled, misshapen boots. The bolts and the lock of the inner door were unfastened, — with unnecessary noise, I thought, — and he came into the passage. He pulled the inner door after him and opened the outer one at which I stood. He had on a flowered silk dressing-gown, such as “Mr. Copley” used to paint his old fashioned merchant-princes in; and a quaint-looking key in his hand. Our conversation was short, but long enough to convince me that the Little Gentleman did not want my company in his chamber, and did not mean to have it.

I have been making a great fuss about what is no mystery at all, — a school-girl’s secrets and a whimsical man’s habits. I mean to give up such nonsense and mind my own business. — Hark! What the deuse is that odd noise in his chamber?

#### VIII.

—— IF Iris does not love this Little Gentleman, what does love look like when one sees it? She follows him with her eyes, she leans over toward him when he speaks, her face changes with the changes of his speech, so that one might think it was with her as with Christabel, —

That all her features were resigned  
To this sole image in her mind.

But she never looks at him with such intensity of devotion as when he says anything about the soul and the soul's atmosphere, religion.

Women are twice as religious as men; — all the world knows that. Whether they are any *better*, in the eyes of Absolute Justice, might be questioned; for the additional religious element supplied by sex hardly seems to be a matter of praise or blame. But in all common aspects they are so much above us that we get most of our religion from them, — from their teachings, from their example, — above all, from their pure affections.

Now this poor little Iris had been talked to strangely in her childhood. Especially she had been told that she hated all good things, — which every sensible parent knows well enough is not true of a great many children, to say the least. I have sometimes questioned whether many libels on human nature had not been a natural consequence of the celibacy of the clergy, which was enforced for so long a period.

The child had met this and some other

equally encouraging statements as to her spiritual conditions, early in life, and fought the battle of spiritual independence prematurely, as many children do. If all she did was hateful to God, what was the meaning of the approving or else the disapproving conscience, when she had done "right" or "wrong"? No "shoulder-striker" hits out straighter than a child with its logic. Why, I can remember lying in my bed in the nursery and settling questions which all that I have heard since and got out of books has never been able to raise again. If a child does not assert itself in this way in good season, it becomes just what its parents or teachers were, and is no better than a plaster image. — How old was I at the time? — I suppose about 5823 years old, — that is, counting from Archbishop Usher's date of the Creation, and adding the life of the race, whose accumulated intelligence is a part of my inheritance, to my own. A good deal older than Plato, you see, and much more experienced than my Lord Bacon and most of the world's teachers. — Old books, as you well know, are books of the world's youth, and new books are fruits of its age. How many of all these ancient folios

round me are like so many old cupels ! The gold has passed out of them long ago, but their pores are full of the dross with which it was mingled.

And so Iris — having thrown off that first lasso, which not only fetters, but *chokes* those whom it can hold, so that they give themselves up trembling and breathless to the great soul-subduer, who has them by the windpipe — had settled a brief creed for herself, in which love of the neighbor, whom we have seen, was the first article, and love of the Creator, whom we have not seen, grew out of this as its natural development, being necessarily second in order of time to the first unselfish emotions which we feel for the fellow-creatures who surround us in our early years.

The child must have some place of worship. What would a young girl be who never mingled her voice with the songs and prayers that rose all around her with every returning day of rest ? And Iris was free to choose. Sometimes one and sometimes another would offer to carry her to this or that place of worship ; and when the doors were hospitably opened, she would often go meekly in by herself. It was a curious fact, that two churches as remote

from each other in doctrine as could well be divided her affections.

The Church of Saint Polycarp had very much the look of a Roman Catholic chapel. I do not wish to run the risk of giving names to the ecclesiastical furniture which gave it such a Romish aspect; but there were pictures, and inscriptions in antiquated characters, and there were reading-stands, and flowers on the altar, and other elegant arrangements. Then there were boys to sing alternately in choirs responsive to each other, and there was much bowing, with very loud responding, and a long service and a short sermon, and a bag, such as Judas used to hold in the old pictures, was carried round to receive contributions. Everything was done not only "decently and in order," but, perhaps one might say, with a certain air of magnifying their office on the part of the dignified clergymen, often two or three in number. The music and the free welcome were grateful to Iris, and she forgot her prejudices at the door of the chapel. For this was a church with open doors, with seats for all classes and all colors alike, — a church of zealous worshippers after their faith, of charitable and serviceable men and women,

one that took care of its children and never forgot its poor, and whose people were much more occupied in looking out for their own souls than in attacking the faith of their neighbors. In its mode of worship there was a union of two qualities, — the taste and refinement, which the educated require just as much in their churches as elsewhere, and the air of stateliness, almost of pomp, which impresses the common worshipper, and is often not without its effect upon those who think they hold outward forms as of little value. Under the half-Romish aspect of the Church of Saint Polycarp, the young girl found a devout and loving and singularly cheerful religious spirit. The artistic sense, which betrayed itself in the dramatic proprieties of its ritual, harmonized with her taste. The mingled murmur of the loud responses, in those rhythmic phrases, so simple, yet so fervent, almost as if every tenth heart-beat, instead of its dull *tic-tac*, articulated itself as “Good Lord, deliver us!” — the sweet alternation of the two choirs, as their holy song floated from side to side, — the keen young voices rising like a flight of singing-birds that passes from one grove to another, carrying its music with it back and forward,



— why should she not love these gracious outward signs of those inner harmonies which none could deny made beautiful the lives of many of her fellow-worshippers in the humble, yet not inelegant Chapel of Saint Polycarp?

The young Marylander, who was born and bred to that mode of worship, had introduced her to the chapel, for which he did the honors for such of our boarders as were not otherwise provided for. I saw them looking over the same prayer-book one Sunday, and I could not help thinking that two such young and handsome persons could hardly worship together in safety for a great while. But they seemed to mind nothing but their prayer-book. By and by the silken bag was handed round, — I don't believe she will; — so awkward, you know; — besides, she only came by invitation. There she is, with her hand in her pocket, though, — and sure enough, her little bit of silver tinkled as it struck the coin beneath. God bless her! she has n't much to give; but her eye glistens when she gives it, and that is all Heaven asks. — That was the first time I noticed these young people together, and I am sure they behaved with the most charming propriety, — in fact, there was one of our silent

lady-boarders with them, whose eyes would have kept Cupid and Psyche to their good behavior. A day or two after this I noticed that the young gentleman had left his seat, which you may remember was at the corner diagonal to that of Iris, so that they have been as far removed from each other as they could be at the table. His new seat is three or four places farther down the table. Of course I made a romance out of this, at once. So stupid not to see it! How could it be otherwise? — Did you speak, Madam? I beg your pardon. (To my lady-reader.)

I never saw anything like the tenderness with which this young girl treats her little deformed neighbor. If he were in the way of going to church, I know she would follow him. But his worship, if any, is not with the throng of men and women and staring children.

## IX.

THESE young girls that live in boarding-houses can do pretty much as they will. The female *gendarmes* are off guard occasionally. The sitting-room has its solitary moments, when any two boarders who wish to meet may

come together accidentally (*accidentally*, I said, Madam, and I had not the slightest intention of italicizing the word) and discuss the social or political questions of the day, or any other subject that may prove interesting. Many charming conversations take place at the foot of the stairs, or while one of the parties is holding the latch of a door, — in the shadow of porticos, and especially on those outside balconies which some of our Southern neighbors call “stoops,” the most charming places in the world when the moon is just right and the roses and honeysuckles are in full blow, — as we used to think in eighteen hundred and never mention it.

On such a balcony or “stoop,” one evening, I walked with Iris. We were on pretty good terms now, and I had coaxed her arm under mine, — my left arm, of course. That leaves one’s right arm free to defend the lovely creature, if the rival — odious wretch! — attempt to ravish her from your side. Likewise if one’s heart should happen to beat a little, its mute language will not be without its meaning, as you will perceive when the arm you hold begins to tremble, — a circumstance like to occur, if you happen to be a good-looking

young fellow, and you two have the "stoop" to yourselves.

We had it to ourselves that evening. The Koh-i-noor, as we called him, was in a corner with our landlady's daughter. The young fellow John was smoking out in the yard. The *gendarme* was afraid of the evening air, and kept inside. The young Marylander came to the door, looked out and saw us walking together, gave his hat a pull over his forehead and stalked off. I felt a slight spasm, as it were, in the arm I held, and saw the girl's head turn over her shoulder for a second. What a kind creature this is! She has no special interest in this youth, but she does not like to see a young fellow going off because he feels as if he were not wanted.

She had her locked drawing-book under her arm. — Let me take it, — I said.

She gave it to me to carry.

This is full of caricatures of all of us, I am sure, — said I.

She laughed, and said, — No, — not all of you. I was there, of course?

Why, no, — she had never taken so much pains with me.

Then she would let me see the inside of it?

She would think of it.

Just as we parted, she took a little key from her pocket and handed it to me. — This unlocks my naughty book, — she said — you shall see it. I am not afraid of you.

I don't know whether the last words exactly pleased me. At any rate, I took the book and hurried with it to my room. I opened it, and saw, in a few glances, that I held the heart of Iris in my hand.

### IRIS, HER BOOK.

I pray thee by the soul of her that bore thee,  
By thine own sister's spirit I implore thee,  
Deal gently with the leaves that lie before thee!

For Iris had no mother to infold her,  
Nor ever leaned upon a sister's shoulder,  
Telling the twilight thoughts that Nature told her.

She had not learned the mystery of awaking  
Those chorded keys that soothe a sorrow's aching,  
Giving the dumb heart voice, that else were breaking.

Yet lived, wrought, suffered. Lo, the pictured token !  
Why should her fleeting day-dreams fade unspoken,  
Like daffodils that die with sheaths unbroken ?

She knew not love, yet lived in maiden fancies, —  
Walked simply clad, a queen of high romances,  
And talked strange tongues with angels in her  
trances.

Twin-souled she seemed, a twofold nature wear-  
ing, —  
Sometimes a flashing falcon in her daring,  
Then a poor mateless dove that droops despairing.

Questioning all things: Why her Lord had sent  
her?  
What were these torturing gifts, and wherefore lent  
her?  
Scornful as spirit fallen, its own tormentor.

And then all tears and anguish: Queen of Heaven,  
Sweet Saints, and Thou by mortal sorrows riven,  
Save me! O, save me! Shall I die forgiven?

And then — Ah, God! But nay, it little mat-  
ters:  
Look at the wasted seeds that autumn scatters,  
The myriad germs that Nature shapes and shatters!

If she had — Well! She longed, and knew not  
wherefore.  
Had the world nothing she might live to care for?  
No second self to say her evening prayer for?

She knew the marble shapes that set men dreaming,  
Yet with her shoulders bare and tresses streaming  
Showed not unlovely to her simple seeming.

Vain? Let it be so! Nature was her teacher.  
What if a lonely and unsistered creature  
Loved her own harmless gift of pleasing feature,

Saying, unsaddened, — This shall soon be faded,  
And double-hued the shining tresses braided,  
And all the sunlight of the morning shaded?

—— This her poor book is full of saddest follies,  
Of tearful smiles and laughing melancholies,  
With summer roses twined and wintry hollies.

In the strange crossing of uncertain chances,  
Somewhere, beneath some maiden's tear-dimmed  
                  glances  
May fall her little book of dreams and fancies.

Sweet sister! Iris, who shall never name thee,  
Trembling for fear her open heart may shame thee,  
Speaks from this vision-haunted page to claim thee.

Spare her, I pray thee! If the maid is sleeping,  
Peace with her! she has had her hour of weeping.  
No more! She leaves her memory in thy keeping.

These verses were written in the first leaves of the locked volume. As I turned the pages, I hesitated for a moment. Is it quite fair to take advantage of a generous, trusting impulse to read the unsunned depths of a young girl's nature, which I can look through, as the balloon-voyagers tell us they see from their hanging-baskets through the translucent waters which the keenest eye of such as sail over them in ships might strive to pierce in vain? Why has the child trusted *me* with such artless confessions, — self-revelations, which might be whispered by trembling lips, under the veil of twilight, in sacred confessionals, but which I cannot look at in the light of day without a feeling of wronging a sacred confidence?

To all this the answer seemed plain enough after a little thought. She did not know how fearfully she had disclosed herself; she was too profoundly innocent. Her soul was no more ashamed than the fair shapes that walked in Eden without a thought of over-liberal loveliness. Having nobody to tell her story to, — having, as she said in her verses, no musical instrument to laugh and cry with her, — nothing, in short, but the language of pen and pencil, — all the veinings of her nature were



impressed on these pages, as those of a fresh leaf are transferred to the blank sheets which enclose it. It was the same thing which I remember seeing beautifully shown in a child of some four or five years we had one day at our boarding-house. This child was a deaf-mute. But its soul had the inner sense that answers to hearing, and the shaping capacity which through natural organs realizes itself in words. Only it had to talk with its face alone; and such speaking eyes, such rapid alternations of feeling and shifting expressions of thought as flitted over its face, I have never seen in any other human countenance.

I found the soul of Iris in the book that lay open before me. Sometimes it was a poem that held it, sometimes a drawing, — angel, arabesque, caricature, or a mere hieroglyphic symbol of which I could make nothing. A rag of cloud on one page, as I remember, with a streak of red zigzagging out of it across the paper as naturally as a crack runs through a china bowl. On the next page a dead bird, — some little favorite, I suppose; for it was worked out with a special love, and I saw on the leaf that sign with which once or twice in my life I have had a letter sealed, — a round

spot where the paper is slightly corrugated, and, if there is writing there, the letters are somewhat faint and blurred. Most of the pages were surrounded with emblematic traceries. It was strange to me at first to see how often she introduced those homelier wild-flowers which we call *weeds*, — for it seemed there was none of them too humble for her to love, and none too little cared for by Nature to be without its beauty for her artist eye and pencil. By the side of the garden-flowers, — of Spring's curled darlings, the hyacinths, of rosebuds, dear to sketching maidens, of flower-de-luces and morning-glories, — nay, oftener than these, and more tenderly caressed by the colored brush that rendered them, — were those common growths which fling themselves to be crushed under our feet and our wheels, making themselves so cheap in this perpetual martyrdom that we forget each of them is a ray of the Divine beauty.

Yellow japanned buttercups and star-disked dandelions, — just as we see them lying in the grass, like sparks that have leaped from the kindling sun of summer; the profuse daisy-like flower which whitens the fields, to the great disgust of liberal shepherds, yet seems fair to

loving eyes, with its button-like mound of gold set round with milk-white rays; the tall-stemmed succory, setting its pale blue flowers aflame, one after another, sparingly, as the lights are kindled in the candelabra of decaying palaces where the heirs of dethroned monarchs are dying out; the red and white clovers; the broad, flat leaves of the plantain, — “the white man’s foot,” as the Indians called it — the wiry, jointed stems of that iron creeping plant which we call “knot-*grass*,” and which loves its life so dearly that it is next to impossible to murder it with a hoe, as it clings to the cracks of the pavement; — all these plants, and many more, she wove into her fanciful garlands and borders. — On one of the pages were some musical notes. I touched them from curiosity on a piano belonging to one of our boarders. Strange! There are passages that I have heard before, plaintive, full of some hidden meaning, as if they were gasping for words to interpret them. She must have heard the strains that have so excited my curiosity, coming from my neighbor’s chamber. The illuminated border she had traced round the page that held these notes took the place of the words they seemed to be aching for. Above,

a long monotonous sweep of waves, leaden-hued, anxious and jaded and sullen, if you can imagine such an expression in water. On one side an Alpine *needle*, as it were, of black basalt, girdled with snow. On the other a threaded waterfall. The red morning-tint that shone in the drops had a strange look, — one would say the cliff was bleeding; — perhaps she did not mean it. Below, a stretch of sand, and a solitary bird of prey, with his wings spread over some unseen object. — And on the very next page a procession wound along, after the fashion of that on the title-page of Fuller's "Holy War," in which I recognized without difficulty every boarder at our table in all the glory of the most resplendent caricature, — three only excepted, — the Little Gentleman, myself, and one other.

I confess I did expect to see something that would remind me of the girl's little deformed neighbor, if not portraits of him. — There is a left arm again, though; — no, — that is from the "Fighting Gladiator," — the "*Jeune Héros combattant*" of the Louvre; — there is the broad ring of the shield. From a cast, doubtless. [The separate casts of the "Gladiator's" arm look immense; but in its place the limb

looks light, almost slender, — such is the perfection of that miraculous marble. I never felt as if I touched the life of the old Greeks until I looked on that statue.] — Here is something very odd, to be sure. An Eden of all the humped and crooked creatures! What could have been in her head when she worked out such a fantasy? She has contrived to give them all beauty or dignity or melancholy grace. A Bactrian camel lying under a palm. A dromedary flashing up the sands, — spray of the dry ocean sailed by the “ship of the desert.” A herd of buffaloes, uncouth, shaggy-maned, heavy in the forehand, light in the hind-quarter. [The buffalo is the *lion* of the ruminants.] And there is a Norman horse, with his huge, rough collar, echoing, as it were, the natural form of the other beast. And here are twisted serpents; and stately swans, with answering curves in their bowed necks, as if they had snake’s blood under their white feathers; and grave, high-shouldered herons, standing on one foot like cripples, and looking at life round them with the cold stare of monumental effigies. — A very odd page indeed! Not a creature in it without a curve or a twist, and not one of them a mean figure to look at.

You can make your own comment ; I am fanciful, you know. I believe she is trying to idealize what we vulgarly call deformity, which she strives to look at in the light of one of Nature's eccentric curves, belonging to her system of beauty, as the hyperbola and parabola belong to the conic sections, though we cannot see them as symmetrical and entire figures, like the circle and ellipse. At any rate, I cannot help referring this paradise of twisted spines to some idea floating in her head connected with her friend whom Nature has warped in the moulding. — That is nothing to another transcendental fancy of mine. I believe her soul thinks itself in his little crooked body at times, — if it does not really get freed or half freed from her own. Did you ever see a case of catalepsy ? You know what I mean, — transient loss of sense, will, and motion ; body and limbs taking any position in which they are put, as if they belonged to a lay-figure. She had been talking with him and listening to him one day when the boarders moved from the table nearly all at once. But she sat as before, her cheek resting on her hand, her amber eyes wide open and still. I went to her, — she was breathing as usual, and her heart

was beating naturally enough, — but she did not answer. I bent her arm; it was as plastic as softened wax, and kept the place I gave it. — This will never do, though, — and I sprinkled a few drops of water on her forehead. She started and looked round. — I have been in a dream, — she said; — I feel as if all my strength were in this arm; — give me your hand! — She took my right hand in her left, which looked soft and white enough, but — Good Heaven! I believe she will crack my bones! All the nervous power in her body must have flashed through those muscles; as when a crazy lady snaps her iron window-bars, — she who could hardly glove herself when in her common health. Iris turned pale, and the tears came to her eyes; — she saw she had given pain. Then she trembled, and might have fallen but for me; — the poor little soul had been in one of those trances that belong to the spiritual pathology of higher natures, mostly those of women.

To come back to this wondrous book of Iris. Two pages faced each other which I took for symbolical expressions of two states of mind. On the left hand, a bright blue sky washed over the page, specked with a single bird.

No trace of earth, but still the winged creature seemed to be soaring upward and upward. Facing it, one of those black dungeons such as Piranesi alone of all men has pictured. I am sure she must have seen those awful prisons of his, out of which the Opium-Eater got his nightmare vision, described by another as "cemeteries of departed greatness, where monstrous and forbidden things are crawling and twining their slimy convolutions among mouldering bones, broken sculpture, and mutilated inscriptions." Such a black dungeon faced the page that held the blue sky and the single bird; at the bottom of it something was coiled, — what, and whether meant for dead or alive, my eyes could not make out.

I told you the young girl's soul was in this book. As I turned over the last leaves I could not help starting. There were all sorts of faces among the arabesques which laughed and scowled in the borders that ran round the pages. They had mostly the outline of childish or womanly or manly beauty, without very distinct individuality. But at last it seemed to me that some of them were taking on a look not wholly unfamiliar to me; there were features that did not seem new. — Can it be so?



Was there ever such innocence in a creature so full of life? She tells her heart's secrets as a three-years-old child betrays itself without need of being questioned! This was no common miss, such as are turned out in scores from the young-lady-factories, with parchments warranting them accomplished and virtuous, — in case anybody should question the fact. I began to understand her; — and what is so charming as to read the secret of a real *femme incomprise*? — for such there are, though they are not the ones who think themselves uncomprehended women.

I found these stanzas in the book, among many others. I give them as characterizing the tone of her sadder moments:

#### UNDER THE VIOLETS.

Her hands are cold; her face is white;  
No more her pulses come and go;  
Her eyes are shut to life and light; —  
Fold the white vesture, snow on snow,  
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,  
To plead for tears with alien eyes;

A slender cross of wood alone  
Shall say, that here a maiden lies  
In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb  
Shall wheel their circling shadows round  
To make the scorching sunlight dim  
That drinks the greenness from the ground,  
And drop their dead leaves on her mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,  
And through their leaves the robins call,  
And, ripening in the autumn sun,  
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,  
Doubt not that she will heed them all.

For her the morning choir shall sing  
Its matins from the branches high,  
And every minstrel-voice of spring,  
That trills beneath the April sky,  
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

When, turning round their dial-track,  
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,  
Her little mourners, clad in black,  
The crickets, sliding through the grass,  
Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rootlets of the trees  
Shall find the prison where she lies,  
And bear the buried dust they seize  
In leaves and blossoms to the skies.  
So may the soul that warmed in rise!

If any, born of kindlier blood,  
Should ask, What maiden lies below?  
Say only this: a tender bud,  
That tried to blossom in the snow,  
Lies withered where the violets blow.

—— I locked the book and sighed as I laid it down. The world is always ready to receive talent with open arms. Very often it does not know what to do with genius. Talent is a docile creature. It bows its head meekly while the world slips the collar over it. It backs into the shafts like a lamb. It draws its load cheerfully, and is patient of the bit and of the whip. But genius is always impatient of its harness; its wild blood makes it hard to train.

## X.

IRIS has told me that the Scottish gift of second-sight runs in her family, and that she

is afraid she has it. Those who are so endowed look upon a well man and see a shroud wrapt about him. According to the degree to which it covers him, his death will be near or more remote. It is an awful faculty; but science gives one too much like it. Luckily for our friends, most of us who have the scientific second-sight school ourselves not to betray our knowledge by word or look.

Day by day, as the Little Gentleman comes to the table, it seems to me that the shadow of some approaching change falls darker and darker over his countenance. Nature is struggling with something, and I am afraid she is under in the wrestling-match. You do not care much, perhaps, for my particular conjectures as to the nature of his difficulty. I should say, however, from the sudden flushes to which he is subject, and certain other marks which, as an expert, I know how to interpret, that his heart was in trouble; but then he presses his hand to the *right* side, as if there were the centre of his uneasiness.

When I say difficulty about the heart, I do not mean any of those sentimental maladies of that organ which figure more largely in romances than on the returns which furnish our

Bills of Mortality. I mean some actual change in the organ itself, which may carry him off by slow and painful degrees, or strike him down with one huge pang and only time for a single shriek, — as when the shot broke through the brave Captain Nolan's breast, at the head of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, and with a loud cry he dropped dead from his saddle.

I thought it only fair to say something of what I apprehended to some who were entitled to be warned. The landlady's face fell when I mentioned my fears.

Poor man! — she said. — And will leave the best room empty! Has n't he got any sisters or nieces or anybody to see to his things, if he should be took away? Such a sight of cases, full of everything! Never thought of his failin' so suddin. A complication of diseases, she expected. Liver-complaint one of 'em?

I must tell Iris that I think her poor friend is in a precarious state. She seems nearer to him than anybody.

I did tell her. Whatever emotion it produced, she kept a still face, except, perhaps, a little trembling of the lip. — Could I be certain that there was any mortal complaint? — Why, no, I could not be certain;

but it looked alarming to me. — He shall have some of my life, — she said.

I suppose this to have been a fancy of hers, of a kind of magnetic power she could give out; — at any rate, cannot help thinking she *wills* her strength away from herself, for she has lost vigor and color from that day. I have sometimes thought he gained the force she lost; but this may have been a whim, very probably.

One day she came suddenly to me, looking deadly pale. Her lips moved, as if she were speaking; but I could not at first hear a word. Her hair looked strangely, as if lifting itself, and her eyes were full of wild light. She sunk upon a chair, and I thought was falling into one of her trances. Something had frozen her blood with fear, I thought, from what she said, half audibly, that she believed she had seen a shrouded figure.

That night, at about eleven o'clock, I was sent for to see the Little Gentleman, who was taken suddenly ill. Bridget, the servant, went before me with a light. The doors were both unfastened, and I found myself ushered, without hindrance, into the dim light of the mysterious apartment I had so longed to enter. . . . .

The house was deadly still, and the night-wind, blowing through an open window, struck me as from a field of ice, at the moment I passed back again into the creaking corridor. As I turned into the common passage, a white figure, holding a lamp, stood full before me. I thought at first it was one of those images made to stand in niches, and hold a light in their hands. But the illusion was momentary, and my eyes speedily recovered from the shock of the bright flame and snowy drapery to see that the figure was a breathing one. It was Iris, in one of her statue-trances. She had come down, whether sleeping or waking, I knew not at first, led by an instinct that told her she was wanted, — or, possibly, having overheard and interpreted the sound of our movements, — or, it may be, having learned from the servant that there was trouble which might ask for a woman's hand. I sometimes think women have a sixth sense, which tells them that others, whom they cannot see or hear, are in suffering. How surely we find them at the bedside of the dying! How strongly does Nature plead for them, that we should draw our first breath in their arms, as we sigh away our last upon their faithful breasts!

With white, bare feet, her hair loosely knotted, dressed as the starlight knew her, and the morning when she rose from slumber, save that she had twisted a scarf round her long dress, she stood still as a stone before me, holding in one hand a lighted coil of wax-taper, and in the other a silver goblet. I held my own lamp close to her, as if she had been a figure of marble, and she did not stir. There was no breach of propriety then, to scare the Poor Relation with and breed scandal out of. She had been "warned in a dream," doubtless suggested by her waking knowledge and the sounds which had reached her exalted sense. There was nothing more natural than that she should have risen and girdled her waist, and lighted her taper, and found the silver goblet with "*Ex dono pupillorum*" on it, from which she had taken her milk and possets through all her childish years, and so gone blindly out to find her place at the bedside, — a Sister of Charity without the cap and rosary; nay, unknowing whither her feet were leading her, and with wide, blank eyes seeing nothing but the vision that beckoned her along. — Well, I must wake her from her slumber or trance. — I called her name, but she did not heed my voice.



The Devil put it into my head that I would kiss one handsome young girl before I died, and now was my chance. She never would know it, and I should carry the remembrance of it with me into the grave, and a rose perhaps grow out of my dust, as a brier did out of Lord Lovel's, in memory of that immortal moment! Would it wake her from her trance? and would she see me in the flush of my stolen triumph, and hate and despise me ever after? Or should I carry off my trophy undetected, and always from that time say to myself, when I looked upon her in the glory of youth and the splendor of beauty, "My lips have touched those roses and made their sweetness mine forever"? You think my cheek was flushed, perhaps, and my eyes were glittering with this midnight flash of opportunity. On the contrary, I believe I was pale, very pale, and I know that I trembled. Ah, it is the pale passions that are the fiercest, — it is the violence of the chill that gives the measure of the fever! The fighting-boy of our school always turned white when he went out to a pitched battle with the bully of some neighboring village; but we knew what his bloodless cheeks meant, — the blood was all in his stout heart,

— he was a slight boy, and there was not enough to redden his face and fill his heart both at once.

Perhaps it is making a good deal of a slight matter, to tell the internal conflicts in the heart of a quiet person something more than juvenile and something less than senile, as to whether he should be guilty of an impropriety, and if he were, whether he would get caught in his indiscretion. And yet the memory of the kiss that Margaret of Scotland gave to Alain Chartier has lasted four hundred years, and put it into the head of many an ill-favored poet, whether Victoria or Eugénie would do as much by him, if she happened to pass him when he was asleep. And have we ever forgotten that the fresh cheek of the young John Milton tingled under the lips of some high-born Italian beauty, who, I believe, did not think to leave her card by the side of the slumbering youth, but has bequeathed the memory of her pretty deed to all coming time? The sound of a kiss is not so loud as that of a cannon, but its echo lasts a deal longer.

There is one disadvantage which the man of philosophical habits of mind suffers, as compared with the man of action. While he is

taking an enlarged and rational view of the matter before him, he lets his chance slip through his fingers. Iris woke up, of her own accord, before I had made up my mind what I was going to do about it.

When I remember how charmingly she looked, I don't blame myself at all for being tempted; but if I had been fool enough to yield to the impulse, I should certainly have been ashamed to tell of it. She did not know what to make of it, finding herself there alone, in such guise, and me staring at her. She looked down at her white robe and bare feet, and colored, — then at the goblet she held in her hand, — then at the taper; and at last her thoughts seemed to clear up.

I know it all, — she said. — He is going to die, and I must go and sit by him. Nobody will care for him as I shall, and I have nobody else to care for.

I assured her that nothing was needed for him that night but rest, and persuaded her that the excitement of her presence could only do harm. Let him sleep, and he would very probably awake better in the morning. There was nothing to be said, for I spoke with authority; and the young girl glided away with noiseless step and sought her own chamber.

## XI.

—— On my second visit, I found Iris sitting by the Little Gentleman's pillow. To my disappointment, the room was darkened. He did not like the light, and would have the shutters kept nearly closed. It was good enough for me; — what business had I to be indulging my curiosity, when I had nothing to do but to exercise such skill as I possessed for the benefit of my patient? There was not much to be said or done in such a case; but I spoke as encouragingly as I could, as I think we are always bound to do. He did not seem to pay any very anxious attention, but the poor girl listened as if her own life and more than her own life were depending on the words I uttered. She followed me out of the room, when I had got through my visit.

How long? — she said.

Uncertain. Any time; to-day, — next week, — next month, — I answered. — One of those cases where the issue is not doubtful, but may be sudden or slow.

The women of the house were kind, as women always are in trouble. But Iris pretended that nobody could spare the time as

well as she, and kept her place, hour after hour, until the landlady insisted that she 'd be killin' herself, if she begun at that rate, 'n' haf to give up, if she did n't want to be clean beat out in less 'n a week.

At the table we were graver than common. The high chair was set back against the wall, and a gap left between that of the young girl and her nearest neighbor's on the right. But the next morning, to our great surprise, that good-looking young Marylander had very quietly moved his own chair to the vacant place. I thought he was creeping down that way, but I was not prepared for a leap spanning such a tremendous parenthesis of boarders as this change of position included. There was no denying that the youth and maiden were a handsome pair as they sat side by side. But whatever the young girl may have thought of her new neighbor, she never seemed for a moment to forget the poor little friend who had been taken from her side. There are women, and even girls, with whom it is of no use to talk. One might as well reason with a bee as to the form of his cell, or with an oriole as to the construction of his swinging nest, as try to stir these creatures from their own way of

doing their own work. It was not a question with Iris, whether she was entitled by any special relation or by the fitness of things to play the part of a nurse. She was a wilful creature that must have her way in this matter. And it so proved that it called for much patience and long endurance to carry through the duties, say rather the kind offices, the painful pleasures, that she had chosen as her share in the household where accident had thrown her. She had that genius of ministration which is the special province of certain women, marked even among their helpful sisters by a soft, low voice, a quiet footfall, a light hand, a cheering smile, and a ready self-surrender to the objects of their care, which such trifles as their own food, sleep, or habits of any kind never presume to interfere with.

Day after day, and too often through the long watches of the night, she kept her place by the pillow. — That girl will kill herself over me, Sir, — said the poor Little Gentleman to me, one day, — she will kill herself, Sir, if you don't call in all the resources of your art to get me off as soon as may be. I shall wear her out, Sir, with sitting in this close chamber and watching when she ought to be sleeping, if you

leave me to the care of Nature without dosing me.

This was rather strange pleasantry, under the circumstances. But there are certain persons whose existence is so out of parallel with the larger laws in the midst of which it is moving, that life becomes to them as death and death as life.

## XII.

THE apron-strings of an American mother are made of india-rubber. Her boy belongs where he is wanted; and that young Marylander of ours spoke for all our young men, when he said that his home was wherever the stars and stripes blew over his head.

And that leads me to say a few words of this young gentleman, who made that audacious movement, — jumping over the seats of I don't know how many boarders to put himself in the place which the Little Gentleman's absence had left vacant at the side of Iris. When a young man is found habitually at the side of any one given young lady, — when he lingers where she stays, and hastens when she leaves, — when his eyes follow her as she moves, and rest upon her when she is still, —

when he begins to grow a little timid, he who was so bold, and a little pensive, he who was so gay, whenever accident finds them alone, — when he thinks very often of the given young lady, and names her very seldom, —

What do you say about it, my charming young expert in that sweet science in which, perhaps, a long experience is not the first of qualifications?

—— But we don't know anything about this young man, except that he is good-looking, and somewhat high-spirited, and strong-limbed, and has a generous style of nature, — all very promising, but by no means proving that he is a proper lover for Iris, whose heart we turned inside out when we opened that sealed book of hers.

Ah, my dear young friend! When your mamma — then, if you will believe it, a very slight young lady, with very pretty hair and figure — came and told *her* mamma that your papa had — had — asked —— No, no, no! she could n't say it; but her mother — O, the depth of maternal sagacity! guessed it all without another word! — When your mother, I say, came and told her mother she was *engaged*, and your grandmother told your grandfather,



how much did they know of the intimate nature of the young gentleman to whom she had pledged her existence? I will not be so hard as to ask how much your respected mamma knew at that time of the intimate nature of your respected papa, though, if we should compare a young girl's *man-as-she-thinks-him* with a forty-summered matron's *man-as-she-finds-him*, I have my doubts as to whether the second would be a fac-simile of the first in most cases.

I have been a good while coming at a secret, for which I wish to prepare you before telling it. I think there is a kindly feeling growing up between Iris and our young Marylander. Not that I suppose there is any distinct understanding between them, but that the affinity which has drawn him from the remote corner where he sat to the side of the young girl is quietly bringing their two natures together. Just now she is all given up to another; but when he no longer calls upon her daily thoughts and cares, I warn you not to be surprised, if this bud of friendship open like the evening primrose, with a sound as of a sudden stolen kiss, and lo! the flower of full-blown love lies unfolded before you.

## XIII.

AND now the days had come for our little friend, whose whims and weaknesses had interested us, perhaps, as much as his better traits, to make ready for that long journey which is easier to the cripple than to the strong man, and on which none enters so willingly as he who has borne the life-long load of infirmity during his earthly pilgrimage.

The divinity-student was exercised in his mind about the Little Gentleman, and, in the kindness of his heart, — for he was a good young man, — and in the strength of his convictions, — for he took it for granted that he and his crowd were right, and other folks and their crowd were wrong, — he determined to bring the Little Gentleman round to his faith before he died, if he could. So he sent word to the sick man, that he should be pleased to visit him and have some conversation with him; and received for answer that he would be welcome.

The divinity-student made him a visit, therefore, and had a somewhat remarkable interview with him, which I shall briefly relate, without attempting to justify the positions taken by the

Little Gentleman. He found him weak, but calm. Iris sat silent by his pillow.

After the usual preliminaries, the divinity-student said, in a kind way, that he was sorry to find him in failing health, that he felt concerned for his soul, and was anxious to assist him in making preparations for the great change awaiting him.

I thank you, Sir, — said the Little Gentleman; — permit me to ask you, what makes you think I am not ready for it, Sir, and that you can do anything to help me, Sir?

I address you only as a fellow-man, — said the divinity-student, — and therefore a fellow-sinner.

I am *not* a man, Sir! — said the Little Gentleman. — I was born into this world the wreck of a man, and I shall not be judged with a race to which I do not belong. Look at this! — he said, and held up his withered arm. — See there! — and he pointed to his misshapen extremities. — Lay your hand here! — and he laid his own on the region of his misplaced heart. — I have known nothing of the life of your race. When I first came to my consciousness, I found myself an object of pity, or a sight to show. The first strange child I ever remember

hid its face and would not come near me. I was a broken-hearted as well as broken-bodied boy. I grew into the emotions of ripening youth, and all that I could have loved shrank from my presence. I became a man in years, and had nothing in common with manhood but its longings. My life is the dying pang of a worn-out race, and I shall go down alone into the dust, out of this world of men and women, without ever knowing the fellowship of the one or the love of the other. I will not die with a lie rattling in my throat. If another state of being has anything worse in store for me, I have had a long apprenticeship to give me strength that I may bear it. I don't believe it, Sir! I have too much faith for that. God has not left me wholly without comfort, even here. I love this old place where I was born; — the heart of the world beats under the three hills of Boston, Sir! I love this great land, with so many tall men in it, and so many good, noble women. — His eyes turned to the silent figure by his pillow. — I have learned to accept meekly what has been allotted to me, but I cannot honestly say that I think my sin has been greater than my suffering. I bear the ignorance and the evil-doing of whole generations

in my single person. I never drew a breath of air nor took a step that was not a punishment for another's fault. I may have had many wrong thoughts, but I cannot have done many wrong deeds, — for my cage has been a narrow one, and I have paced it alone. I have looked through the bars and seen the great world of men busy and happy, but I had no part in their doings. I have known what it was to dream of the great passions; but since my mother kissed me before she died, no woman's lips have pressed my cheek, — nor ever will.

——The young girl's eyes glittered with a sudden film, and almost without a thought, but with a warm human instinct that rushed up into her face with her heart's blood, she bent over and kissed him. It was the sacrament that washed out the memory of long years of bitterness, and I should hold it an unworthy thought to defend her.

The Little Gentleman repaid her with the only tear any of us ever saw him shed.

The divinity-student rose from his place, and, turning away from the sick man, walked to the other side of the room, where he bowed his head and was still. All the questions he had meant to ask had faded from his memory.

The tests he had prepared by which to judge of his fellow-creature's fitness for heaven seemed to have lost their virtue. He could trust the crippled child of sorrow to the Infinite Parent. The kiss of the fair-haired girl had been like a sign from heaven, that angels watched over him whom he was presuming but a moment before to summon before the tribunal of his private judgment.

Shall I pray with you? — he said, after a pause. — A little before he would have said, Shall I pray *for* you? — The Christian religion, as taught by its Founder is full of *sentiment*. So we must not blame the divinity-student, if he was overcome by those yearnings of human sympathy which predominate so much more in the sermons of the Master than in the writings of his successors, and which have made the parable of the Prodigal Son the consolation of mankind, as it has been the stumbling-block of all exclusive doctrines.

Pray ! — said the Little Gentleman.

The divinity-student prayed, in low, tender tones, that God would look on his servant lying helpless at the feet of his mercy ; that he would remember his long years of bondage in the flesh ; that he would deal gently with

the bruised reed. Thou hast visited the sins of the fathers upon this their child. O, turn away from him the penalties of his own transgressions! Thou hast laid upon him, from infancy, the cross which thy stronger children are called upon to take up; and now that he is fainting under it, be Thou his stay, and do Thou succor him that is tempted! Let his manifold infirmities come between him and Thy judgment; in wrath remember mercy! If his eyes are not opened to all thy truth, let thy compassion lighten the darkness that rests upon him, even as it came through the word of thy Son to blind Bartimeus, who sat by the wayside, begging!

Many more petitions he uttered, but all in the same subdued tone of tenderness. In the presence of helpless suffering, and in the fast-darkening shadow of the Destroyer, he forgot all but his Christian humanity, and cared more about consoling his fellow-man than making a proselyte of him.

This was the last prayer to which the Little Gentleman ever listened. Some change was rapidly coming over him during this last hour of which I have been speaking. The excitement of pleading his cause before his self-

elected spiritual adviser, — the emotion which overcame him, when the young girl obeyed the sudden impulse of her feelings and pressed her lips to his cheek, — the thoughts that mastered him while the divinity-student poured out his soul for him in prayer, might well hurry on the inevitable moment. When the divinity-student had uttered his last petition, commending him to the Father through his Son's intercession, he turned to look upon him before leaving his chamber. His face was changed. — There is a language of the human countenance which we all understand without an interpreter, though the lineaments belong to the rudest savage that ever stammered in an unknown barbaric dialect. By the stillness of the sharpened features, by the blankness of the tearless eyes, by the fixedness of the smileless mouth, by the deadening tints, by the contracted brow, by the dilating nostril, we know that the soul is soon to leave its mortal tenement, and is already closing up its windows and putting out its fires. — Such was the aspect of the face upon which the divinity-student looked, after the brief silence which followed his prayer. The change had been rapid, though not that abrupt



one which is liable to happen at any moment in these cases. — The sick man looked towards him. — Farewell, — he said — I thank you. Leave me alone with her.

When the divinity-student had gone, and the Little Gentleman found himself alone with Iris, he lifted his hand to his neck, and took from it, suspended by a slender chain, a quaint, antique-looking key, — the same key I had once seen him holding. He gave this to her, and pointed to a carved cabinet opposite his bed, one of those that had so attracted my curious eyes and set me wondering as to what it might contain.

Open it, — he said, — and light the lamp. — The young girl walked to the cabinet and unlocked the door. A deep recess appeared, lined with black velvet, against which stood in white relief an ivory crucifix. A silver lamp hung over it. She lighted the lamp and came back to the bedside. The dying man fixed his eyes upon the figure of the dying Saviour. — Give me your hand, — he said ; and Iris placed her right hand in his left. So they remained, until presently his eyes lost their meaning, though they still remained vacantly fixed upon the white image. Yet he held the young girl's

hand firmly, as if it were leading him through some deep-shadowed valley and it was all he could cling to. But presently an involuntary muscular contraction stole over him, and his terrible dying grasp held the poor girl as if she were wedged in an engine of torture. She pressed her lips together and sat still. The inexorable hand held her tighter and tighter, until she felt as if her own slender fingers would be crushed in its gripe. It was one of the tortures of the Inquisition she was suffering, and she could not stir from her place. Then, in her great anguish, she, too, cast her eyes upon that dying figure, and, looking upon its pierced hands and feet and side and lacerated forehead, she felt that she also must suffer uncomplaining. In the moment of her sharpest pain she did not forget the duties of her tender office, but dried the dying man's moist forehead with her handkerchief, even while the dews of agony were glistening on her own. How long this lasted she never could tell. *Time* and *thirst* are two things you and I talk about; but the victims whom holy men and righteous judges used to stretch on their engines knew better what they meant than you or I!—What is that

great bucket of water for? said the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, before she was placed on the rack. — *For you to drink*, — said the torturer to the little woman. — She could not think that it would take such a flood to quench the fire in her and so keep her alive for her confession. The torturer knew better than she.

After a time not to be counted in minutes, as the clock measures, — without any warning, — there came a swift change of his features; his face turned white, as the waters whiten when a sudden breath passes over their still surface; the muscles instantly relaxed, an Iris, released at once from her care for the sufferer and from his unconscious grasp, fell senseless, with a feeble cry, — the only utterance of her long agony.

—— Iris went into mourning for the Little Gentleman. Although he left the bulk of his property, by will, to a public institution, he added a codicil, by which he disposed of various pieces of property as tokens of kind remembrance. It was in this way I became the possessor of the wonderful instrument I have spoken of, which had been purchased for him

out of an Italian convent. The landlady was comforted with a small legacy. The following extract relates to Iris : “ — in consideration of her manifold acts of kindness, but only in token of grateful remembrance, and by no means as a reward for services which cannot be compensated, a certain messuage, with all the land thereto appertaining, situate in — Street, at the North End, so called, of Boston, aforesaid, the same being the house in which I was born, but now inhabited by several families, and known as ‘ the Rookery.’ ” Iris had also the crucifix, the portrait, and the red-jewelled ring. The funeral or death’s-head ring was buried with him.

## XIV.

SOME of the boarders were of opinion that Iris did not return the undisguised attentions of the handsome young Marylander. Instead of fixing her eyes steadily on him, as she used to look upon the Little Gentleman, she would turn them away, as if to avoid his own. They often went to church together, it is true ; but nobody, of course, supposes there is any relation between religious sympathy and those

wretched "sentimental" movements of the human heart upon which it is commonly agreed that nothing better is based than society, civilization, friendship, the relation of husband and wife, and of parent and child, and which many people must think were singularly overrated by the Teacher of Nazareth, whose whole life, as I said before, was full of sentiment, loving this or that young man, pardoning this or that sinner, weeping over the dead, mourning for the doomed city, blessing, and perhaps kissing, the little children, — so that the Gospels are still cried over almost as often as the last work of fiction !

But one fine June morning there rumbled up to the door of our boarding-house a hack containing a lady inside and a trunk on the outside. It was our friend the lady-patroness of Miss Iris, the same who had been called by her admiring pastor "The Model of all the Virtues." Once a week she had written a letter, in a rather formal hand, but full of good advice, to her young charge. And now she had come to carry her away, thinking that she had learned all she was likely to learn under her present course of teaching. The Model, however, was to stay awhile, — a week or more, — before they should leave together.

Iris was obedient, as she was bound to be. She was respectful, grateful, as a child is with a just, but not tender parent. Yet something was wrong. She had one of her trances, and became statue-like, as before, only the day after the Model's arrival. She was wan and silent, tasted nothing at table, smiled as if by a forced effort, and often looked vaguely away from those who were looking at her, her eyes just glazed with the shining moisture of a tear that must not be allowed to gather and fall. Was it grief at parting from the place where her strange friendship had grown up with the Little Gentleman? Yet she seemed to have become reconciled to his loss, and rather to have a deep feeling of gratitude that she had been permitted to care for him in his last weary days.

The Sunday after the Model's arrival, that lady had an attack of headache, and was obliged to shut herself up in a darkened room alone. Our two young friends took the opportunity to go together to the Church of the Galileans. They said but little going, — "collecting their thoughts" for the service, I devoutly hope. My kind good friend the pastor preached that day one of his sermons that make us all feel like brothers and sisters, and his text was that

affectionate one from John, "My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth." When Iris and her friend came out of church, they were both pale, and walked a space without speaking.

At last the young man said, — You and I are not little children, Iris!

She looked in his face an instant, as if startled, for there was something strange in the tone of his voice. She smiled faintly, but spoke never a word.

In deed and in truth, Iris, —

What shall a poor girl say or do, when a strong man falters in his speech before her, and can do nothing better than hold out his hand to finish his broken sentence?

The poor girl said nothing, but quietly laid her ungloved hand in his, — the little soft white hand which had ministered so tenderly and suffered so patiently.

The blood came back to the young man's cheeks, as he lifted it to his lips, even as they walked there in the street, touched it gently with them, and said, — "It is mine!"

Iris did not contradict him.

## XV.

THE seasons pass by so rapidly, that I am startled to think how much has happened since these events I was describing. Those two young people would insist on having their own way about their own affairs, notwithstanding the good lady, so justly called the Model, insisted that the age of twenty-five years was as early as any discreet young lady should think of incurring the responsibilities, etc., etc. Long before Iris had reached that age, she was the wife of a young Maryland engineer, directing some of the vast constructions of his native State, — where he was growing rich fast enough to be able to decline that famous Russian offer which would have made him a kind of nabob in a few years. Iris does not write verse often, nowadays, but she sometimes draws. The last sketch of hers I have seen in my Southern visits was of two children, a boy and girl, the youngest holding a silver goblet, like the one she held that evening when I — I was so struck with her statue-like beauty. If in the later summer months you find the grass marked with footsteps around a grave on Copp's Hill, and flowers scattered over it,



you may be sure that Iris is here on her annual visit to the home of her childhood and that excellent lady whose only fault was, that Nature had written out her list of virtues on ruled paper, and forgotten to rub out the lines.

One thing more I must mention. Being on the Common, last Sunday, I was attracted by the cheerful spectacle of a well-dressed and somewhat youthful papa wheeling a very elegant little carriage containing a stout baby. A buxom young lady watched them from one of the stone seats, with an interest which could be nothing less than maternal. I at once recognized my old friend, the young fellow whom we called John. He was delighted to see me, introduced me to "Madam," and would have the lusty infant out of the carriage, and hold him up for me to look at.

Now, then, — he said to the two-year-old, — show the gentleman how you hit from the shoulder. — Whereupon the little imp pushed his fat fist straight into my eye, to his father's intense satisfaction.

Fust-rate little chap, — said the papa. — Chip of the old block. Regl'r little Johnny, you know.

I was so much pleased to find the young

fellow settled in life, and pushing about one of "them little articles" he had seemed to want so much, that I took my "punishment" at the hands of the infant pugilist with great equanimity. — And how is the old boarding-house? I asked.

A 1, he answered. Painted and papered as good as new. Gabs in all the rooms up to the sky-parlors. Old woman's layin' up money, they say. Means to send Ben Franklin to college. — Just then the first bell rang for church, and my friend, who, I understand, has become a most exemplary member of society, said he must be off to get ready for meetin', and told the young one to "shake dada," which he did with his closed fist, in a somewhat menacing manner. And so the young man John, as we used to call him, took the pole of the miniature carriage, and pushed the small pugilist before him, homewards, followed, in a somewhat leisurely way, by his pleasant-looking lady-companion, and I sent a sigh and a smile after him.





“ My aunt, my dear unmarried aunt.”



# Favorite Poems.







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## OLD IRONSIDES.

**A**Y, tear her tattered ensign down !  
Long has it waved on high,  
And many an eye has danced to see  
That banner in the sky ;  
Beneath it rung the battle shout,  
And burst the cannon's roar ; —  
The meteor of the ocean air  
Shall sweep the clouds no more !

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,  
Where knelt the vanquished foe,  
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,  
And waves were white below,  
No more shall feel the victor's tread,  
Or know the conquered knee ; —  
The harpies of the shore shall pluck  
The eagle of the sea !

O better that her shattered hulk  
Should sink beneath the wave ;  
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
And there should be her grave ;  
Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
Set every threadbare sail,  
And give her to the god of storms,  
The lightning and the gale !

### OUR YANKEE GIRLS.



LET greener lands and bluer skies,  
If such the wide earth shows,  
With fairer cheeks and brighter eyes,  
Match us the star and rose ;  
The winds that lift the Georgian's veil,  
Or wave Circassia's curls,  
Waft to their shores the sultan's sail, —  
Who buys our Yankee girls ?

The gay grisette, whose fingers touch  
Love's thousand chords so well ;

The dark Italian, loving much,  
But more than *one* can tell;  
And England's fair-haired, blue-eyed dame,  
Who binds her brow with pearls; —  
Ye who have seen them, can they shame  
Our own sweet Yankee girls?

And what if court or castle vaunt  
Its children loftier born? —  
Who heeds the silken tassel's flaunt  
Beside the golden corn?  
They ask not for the dainty toil  
Of ribboned knights and earls,  
The daughters of the virgin soil,  
Our freeborn Yankee girls!

By every hill whose stately pines  
Wave their dark arms above  
The home where some fair being shines,  
To warm the wilds with love,  
From barest rock to bleakest shore  
Where farthest sail unfurls,  
That stars and stripes are streaming o'er, —  
God bless our Yankee girls!

## THE LAST LEAF.



SAW him once before,  
As he passed by the door,  
And again  
The pavement stones resound,  
As he totters o'er the ground  
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,  
Ere the pruning-knife of Time  
Cut him down,  
Not a better man was found  
By the Crier on his round  
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,  
And he looks at all he meets  
Sad and wan,  
And he shakes his feeble head,

That it seems as if he said,  
“They are gone.”

The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he has prest  
    In their bloom,  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
    On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said —  
Poor old lady, she is dead  
    Long ago —  
That he had a Roman nose,  
And his cheek was like a rose  
    In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,  
And it rests upon his chin  
    Like a staff,  
And a crook is in his back,  
And a melancholy crack  
    In his laugh.

I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin

At him here ;  
But the old three-cornered hat,  
And the breeches, and all that,  
Are so queer !

And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree  
In the spring, —  
Let them smile, as I do now,  
At the old forsaken bough  
Where I cling.

### MY AUNT.



Y aunt ! my dear unmarried aunt !  
Long years have o'er her flown ;  
Yet still she strains the aching clasp  
That binds her virgin zone ;  
I know it hurts her, — though she looks  
As cheerful as she can ;  
Her waist is ampler than her life,  
For life is but a span.



My aunt ! my poor deluded aunt !  
Her hair is almost gray ;  
Why will she train that winter curl  
In such a spring-like way ?  
How can she lay her glasses down,  
And say she reads as well,  
When, through a double convex lens,  
She just makes out to spell ?

Her father — grandpapa ! forgive  
This erring lip its smiles —  
Vowed she should make the finest girl  
Within a hundred miles ;  
He sent her to a stylish school ;  
'T was in her thirteenth June ;  
And with her, as the rules required,  
“ Two towels and a spoon.”

They braced my aunt against a board,  
To make her straight and tall ;  
They laced her up, they starved her down,  
To make her light and small ;  
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,  
They screwed it up with pins ; —

O never mortal suffered more  
In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,  
My grandsire brought her back ;  
(By daylight, lest some rabid youth  
Might follow on the track ; )  
“ Ah ! ” said my grandsire, as he shook  
Some powder in his pan,  
“ What could this lovely creature do  
Against a desperate man ! ”

Alas ! nor chariot, nor barouche,  
Nor bandit cavalcade,  
Tore from the trembling father's arms  
His all-accomplished maid.  
For her how happy had it been !  
And Heaven had spared to me  
To see one sad, ungathered rose  
On my ancestral tree.





"I saw the curve of his waving lash."



## REFLECTIONS OF A PROUD PEDESTRIAN.



SAW the curl of his waving lash,  
 And the glance of his knowing eye,  
 And I knew that he thought he was  
 cutting a dash,  
 As his steed went thundering by.

And he may ride in the rattling gig,  
 Or flourish the Stanhope gay,  
 And dream that he looks exceeding big  
 To the people that walk in the way ;

But he shall think, when the night is still,  
 On the stable-boy's gathering numbers,  
 And the ghost of many a veteran bill  
 Shall hover around his slumbers ;

The ghastly dun shall worry his sleep,  
 And constables cluster around him,

And he shall creep from the wood-hole deep .  
Where their spectre eyes have found him!

Ay ! gather your reins, and crack your thong,  
And bid your steed go faster ;  
He does not know, as he scrambles along,  
That he has a fool for his master ;

And hurry away on your lonely ride,  
Nor deign from the mire to save me ;  
I will paddle it stoutly at your side  
With the tandem that nature gave me !

### THE DORCHESTER GIANT.



HERE was a giant in time of old,  
A mighty one was he ;  
He had a wife, but she was a scold,  
So he kept her shut in his mammoth fold ;  
And he had children three.

It happened to be an election day,  
And the giants were choosing a king ;  
The people were not democrats then,  
They did not talk of the rights of men,  
And all that sort of thing.

Then the giant took his children three,  
And fastened them in the pen ;  
The children roared ; quoth the giant, " Be  
still ! "  
And Dorchester Heights and Milton Hill  
Rolled back the sound again.

Then he brought them a pudding stuffed with  
plums,  
As big as the State-House dome ;  
Quoth he, " There 's something for you to eat ;  
So stop your mouths with your 'lection treat,  
And wait till your dad comes home."

So the giant pulled him a chestnut stout,  
And whittled the boughs away ;  
The boys and their mother set up a shout,  
Said he, " You 're in, and you can't get out,  
Bellow as loud as you may."

Off he went, and he growled a tune  
    As he strode the fields along ;  
'T is said a buffalo fainted away,  
And fell as cold as a lump of clay,  
    When he heard the giant's song.

But whether the story's true or not,  
    It is not for me to show ;  
There's many a thing that's twice as queer  
In somebody's lectures that we hear,  
    And those are true, you know.

\* \* \*

What are those lone ones doing now,  
    The wife and the children sad ?  
O, they are in a terrible rout,  
Screaming, and throwing their pudding about,  
    Acting as they were mad.

They flung it over to Roxbury hills,  
    They flung it over the plain,  
And all over Milton and Dorchester too  
Great lumps of pudding the giants threw ;  
    They tumbled as thick as rain.

\* \* \*





"The comet! He is on his way,  
And singing as he flies."



Giant and mammoth have passed away,  
For ages have floated by ;  
The suet is hard as a marrow-bone,  
And every plum is turned to a stone,  
But there the puddings lie.

And if, some pleasant afternoon,  
You 'll ask me out to ride,  
The whole of the story I will tell,  
And you shall see where the puddings fell,  
And pay for the punch beside.

## THE COMET.



HE Comet ! He is on his way,  
And singing as he flies ;  
The whizzing planets shrink before  
The spectre of the skies ;  
Ah ! well may regal orbs burn blue,  
And satellites turn pale,  
Ten million cubic miles of head,  
Ten billion leagues of tail !

On, on by whistling spheres of light,  
He flashes and he flames ;  
He turns not to the left nor right,  
He asks them not their names ;  
One spurn from his demoniac heel, —  
Away, away they fly,  
Where darkness might be bottled up  
And sold for “ Tyrian dye.”

And what would happen to the land,  
And how would look the sea,  
If in the bearded devil’s path  
Our earth should chance to be ?  
Full hot and high the sea would boil,  
Full red the forests gleam ;  
Methought I saw and heard it all  
In a dyspeptic dream !

I saw a tutor take his tube  
The Comet’s course to spy ;  
I heard a scream, — the gathered rays  
Had stewed the tutor’s eye ;  
I saw a fort, — the soldiers all  
Were armed with goggles green ;

Pop cracked the guns ! whiz flew the balls !  
Bang went the magazine !

I saw a poet dip a scroll  
Each moment in a tub,  
I read upon the warping back,  
“The Dream of Beelzebub” ;  
He could not see his verses burn,  
Although his brain was fried,  
And ever and anon he bent  
To wet them as they dried.

I saw the scalding pitch roll down  
The crackling, sweating pines,  
And streams of smoke, like water-spouts,  
Burst through the rumbling mines ;  
I asked the firemen why they made  
Such noise about the town ;  
They answered not, — but all the while  
The brakes went up and down.

I saw a roasting pullet sit  
Upon a baking egg ;  
I saw a cripple scorch his hand  
Extinguishing his leg ;

I saw nine geese upon the wing  
Towards the frozen pole,  
And every mother's gosling fell  
Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass  
Writhe in the blistering rays,  
The herbage in his shrinking jaws  
Was all a fiery blaze ;  
I saw huge fishes, boiled to rags,  
Bob through the bubbling brine ;  
And thoughts of supper crossed my soul ;  
I had been rash at mine.

Strange sights ! strange sounds ! O fearful  
dream !

Its memory haunts me still,  
The steaming sea, the crimson glare,  
That wreathed each wooded hill ;  
Stranger ! if through thy reeling brain  
Such midnight visions sweep,  
Spare, spare, O spare thine evening meal,  
And sweet shall be thy sleep !

THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN.

T was a tall young oysterman lived by  
the river-side,  
His shop was just upon the bank, his  
boat was on the tide ;  
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so  
straight and slim,  
Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to  
him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely  
maid,  
Upon a moonlight evening, a sitting in the  
shade ;  
He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much  
as if to say,  
“I ’m wide awake, young oysterman, and all  
the folks away.”

Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself  
said he,

“I guess I ’ll leave the skiff at home, for fear  
that folks should see ;

I read it in the story-book, that, for to kiss his  
dear,

Leander swam the Hellespont, — and I will  
swim this here.”

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed  
the shining stream,

And he has clambered up the bank, all in the  
moonlight gleam ;

O there were kisses sweet as dew, and words  
as soft as rain, —

But they have heard her father’s step, and in  
he leaps again !

Out spoke the ancient fisherman, — “ O what  
was that, my daughter ? ”

“ ’T was nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into  
the water.”

“ And what is that, pray tell me, love, that  
paddles off so fast ? ”





“And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids down below.”



“It ’s nothing but a porpoise, sir, that ’s been  
a swimming past.”

Out spoke the ancient fisherman, — “Now  
bring me my harpoon !

I ’ll get into my fishing-boat, and fix the fellow  
soon.”

Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow-  
white lamb,

Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like  
sea-weed on a clam.

Alas for those two loving ones ! she waked not  
from her swound,

And he was taken with the cramp, and in the  
waves was drowned ;

But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of  
their woe,

And now they keep an oyster-shop for mer-  
maids down below.



## THE MUSIC-GRINDERS.



HERE are three ways in which men  
take

One's money from his purse,  
And very hard it is to tell  
Which of the three is worse ;  
But all of them are bad enough  
To make a body curse.

You 're riding out some pleasant day,  
And counting up your gains ;  
A fellow jumps from out a bush,  
And takes your horse's reins,  
Another hints some words about  
A bullet in your brains.

It 's hard to meet such pressing friends  
In such a lonely spot :  
It 's very hard to lose your cash,  
But harder to be shot ;



"You're sitting on your window-seat."



And so you take your wallet out,  
Though you would rather not.

Perhaps you 're going out to dine, —  
Some filthy creature begs  
You 'll hear about the cannon-ball  
That carried off his pegs,  
And says it is a dreadful thing  
For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,  
His children to be fed,  
Poor little, lovely innocents,  
All clamorous for bread, —  
And so you kindly help to put  
A bachelor to bed.

You 're sitting on your window-seat,  
Beneath a cloudless moon ;  
You hear a sound, that seems to wear  
The semblance of a tune,  
As if a broken fife should strive  
To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide  
Of music seems to come,

There 's something like a human voice,  
And something like a drum ;  
You sit in speechless agony,  
Until your ear is numb.

Poor " home, sweet home " should seem to be  
A very dismal place ;  
Your " auld acquaintance " all at once  
Is altered in the face ;  
Their discords sting through Burns and Moore,  
Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.

You think they are crusaders, sent  
From some infernal clime,  
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,  
And dock the tail of Rhyme,  
To crack the voice of Melody,  
And break the legs of Time.

But hark ! the air again is still,  
The music all is ground,  
And silence, like a poultice, comes  
To heal the blows of sound ;  
It cannot be, — it is, — it is, —  
A hat is going round !



No ! pay the dentist when he leaves  
A fracture in your jaw,  
And pay the owner of the bear,  
That stunned you with his paw,  
And buy the lobster that has had  
Your knuckles in his claw ;

But if you are a portly man,  
Put on your fiercest frown,  
And talk about a constable  
To turn them out of town ;  
Then close your sentence with an oath,  
And shut the window down !

And if you are a slender man,  
Not big enough for that,  
Or, if you cannot make a speech,  
Because you are a flat,  
Go very quietly and drop  
A button in the hat !



## THE SEPTEMBER GALE.



'M not a chicken ; I have seen  
Full many a chill September,  
And though I was a youngster then,  
That gale I well remember ;  
The day before, my kite-string snapped,  
And I, my kite pursuing,  
The wind whisked off my palm-leaf hat ; —  
For me two storms were brewing !

It came as quarrels sometimes do,  
When married folks get clashing ;  
There was a heavy sigh or two,  
Before the fire was flashing, —  
A little stir among the clouds,  
Before they rent asunder, —  
A little rocking of the trees,  
And then came on the thunder.

Lord ! how the ponds and rivers boiled,  
And how the shingles rattled !  
And oaks were scattered on the ground,  
As if the Titans battled ;  
And all above was in a howl,  
And all below a clatter, —  
The earth was like a frying-pan,  
Or some such hissing matter.

It chanced to be our washing-day,  
And all our things were drying :  
The storm came roaring through the lines,  
And set them all a flying ;  
I saw the shirts and petticoats  
Go riding off like witches ;  
I lost, ah ! bitterly I wept, —  
I lost my Sunday breeches !

I saw them straddling through the air,  
Alas ! too late to win them ;  
I saw them chase the clouds, as if  
The Devil had been in them ;  
They were my darlings and my pride,  
My boyhood's only riches, —

“Farewell, farewell,” I faintly cried, —  
“My breeches ! O my breeches !”

That night I saw them in my dreams,  
How changed from what I knew them !  
The dews had steeped their faded threads,  
The winds had whistled through them !  
I saw the wide and ghastly rents  
Where demon claws had torn them ;  
A hole was in their amplest part,  
As if an imp had worn them.

I have had many happy years,  
And tailors kind and clever,  
But those young pantaloons have gone  
Forever and forever !  
And not till fate has cut the last  
Of all my earthly stitches,  
This aching heart shall cease to mourn  
My loved, my long-lost breeches !



THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS.

 WROTE some lines once on a time  
 In wondrous merry mood,  
 And thought, as usual, men would say  
 They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,  
 I laughed as I would die ;  
 Albeit, in the general way,  
 A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came ;  
 How kind it was of him,  
 To mind a slender man like me,  
 He of the mighty limb !

“ These to the printer,” I exclaimed,  
 And, in my humorous way,  
 I added, (as a trifling jest,)  
 “ There ’ll be the devil to pay.”

He took the paper, and I watched,  
And saw him peep within ;  
At the first line he read, his face  
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next ; the grin grew broad,  
And shot from ear to ear ;  
He read the third ; a chuckling noise  
I now began to hear.

The fourth ; he broke into a roar ;  
The fifth ; his waistband split ;  
The sixth ; he burst five buttons off,  
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,  
I watched that wretched man,  
And since, I never dare to write  
As funny as I can.





“Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye.”





## THE HOT SEASON.

HE folks, that on the first of May  
Wore winter-coats and hose,  
Began to say, the first of June,  
“Good Lord! how hot it grows!”  
At last two Fahrenheits blew up,  
And killed two children small,  
And one barometer shot dead  
A tutor with its ball!

Now all day long the locusts sang  
Among the leafless trees;  
Three new hotels warped inside out,  
The pumps could only wheeze;  
And ripe old wine, that twenty years  
Had cobwebbed o’er in vain,  
Came spouting through the rotten corks,  
Like Joly’s best Champagne!

The Worcester locomotives did  
Their trip in half an hour;  
The Lowell cars ran forty miles  
Before they checked the power;  
Roll brimstone soon became a drug,  
And loco-focos fell;  
All asked for ice, but everywhere  
Saltpetre was to sell.

Plump men of mornings ordered tights,  
But, ere the scorching noons,  
Their candle-moulds had grown as loose  
As Cossack pantaloons!  
The dogs ran mad, — men could not try  
If water they would choose;  
A horse fell dead, — he only left  
Four red-hot, rusty shoes!

But soon the people could not bear  
The slightest hint of fire;  
Allusions to caloric drew  
A flood of savage ire;  
The leaves on heat were all torn out  
From every book at school,

And many blackguards kicked and caned,  
Because they said, "Keep cool!"

The gas-light companies were mobbed,  
The bakers all were shot,  
The penny press began to talk  
Of lynching Doctor Nott;  
And all about the warehouse steps  
Were angry men in droves,  
Crashing and splintering through the doors  
To smash the patent stoves!

The abolition men and maids  
Were tanned to such a hue,  
You scarce could tell them from their friends,  
Unless their eyes were blue;  
And, when I left, society  
Had burst its ancient guards,  
And Brattle Street and Temple Place  
Were interchanging cards!



## THE STEAMBOAT.

EE how yon flaming herald treads  
The ridged and rolling waves,  
As, crashing o'er their crested heads,  
She bows her surly slaves !  
With foam before and fire behind  
She rends the clinging sea,  
That flies before the roaring wind,  
Beneath her hissing lee.

The morning spray, like sea-born flowers,  
With heaped and glistening bells,  
Falls round her fast, in ringing showers,  
With every wave that swells ;  
And, burning o'er the midnight deep,  
In lurid fringes thrown,  
The living gems of ocean sweep  
Along her flashing zone.

With clashing wheel, and lifting keel,  
And smoking torch on high,  
When winds are loud, and billows reel,  
She thunders foaming by ;  
When seas are silent and serene,  
With even beam she glides,  
The sunshine glimmering through the green  
That skirts her gleaming sides.

Now, like a wild nymph, far apart  
She veils her shadowy form,  
The beating of her restless heart  
Still sounding through the storm ;  
Now answers, like a courtly dame,  
The reddening surges o'er,  
With flying scarf of spangled flame,  
The Pharos of the shore.

To-night yon pilot shall not sleep,  
Who trims his narrowed sail ;  
To-night yon frigate scarce shall keep  
Her broad breast to the gale ;  
And many a foresail, scooped and strained,  
Shall break from yard and stay,

Before this smoky wreath has stained  
The rising mist of day.

Hark ! hark ! I hear yon whistling shroud,  
I see yon quivering mast ;  
The black throat of the hunted cloud  
Is panting forth the blast !  
An hour, and, whirled like winnowing chaff,  
The giant surge shall fling  
His tresses o'er yon pennon staff,  
White as the sea-bird's wing !

Yet rest, ye wanderers of the deep ;  
Nor wind nor wave shall tire  
Those fleshless arms, whose pulses leap  
With floods of living fire ;  
Sleep on, and, when the morning light  
Streams o'er the shining bay,  
O think of those for whom the night  
Shall never wake in day !



LINES

RECITED AT THE BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL.



COME back to your mother, ye children,  
for shame,

Who have wandered like truants, for  
riches or fame!

With a smile on her face, and a sprig in her cap,  
She calls you to feast from her bountiful lap.

Come out from your alleys, your courts, and  
your lanes,

And breathe, like young eagles, the air of our  
plains;

Take a whiff from our fields, and your excellent  
wives

Will declare it 's all nonsense insuring your  
lives.

Come you of the law, who can talk, if you  
please,

Till the man of the moon will allow it 's a cheese,

And leave "the old lady, that never tells lies,"  
To sleep with her handkerchief over her eyes.

Ye healers of men, for a moment decline  
Your feats in the rhubarb and ipecac line ;  
While you shut up your turnpike, your neighbors can go,  
The old roundabout road, to the regions below.

You clerk, on whose ears are a couple of pens,  
And whose head is an ant-hill of units and tens ;  
Though Plato denies you, we welcome you still  
As a featherless biped, in spite of your quill.

Poor drudge of the city ! how happy he feels,  
With the burs on his legs, and the grass at his  
heels !

No *dodger* behind, his bandannas to share,  
No constable grumbling, " You must n't walk  
there ! "

In yonder green meadow, to memory dear,  
He slaps a mosquito and brushes a tear ;  
The dew-drops hang round him on blossoms  
and shoots,  
He breathes but one sigh for his youth and  
his boots.



There stands the old school-house, hard by the  
old church ;

That tree at its side had the flavor of birch ;  
O sweet were the days of his juvenile tricks,  
Though the prairie of youth had so many " big  
licks."

By the side of yon river he weeps and he slumps,  
The boots fill with water, as if they were pumps,  
Till, sated with rapture, he steals to his bed,  
With a glow in his heart and a cold in his head.

'T is past, — he is dreaming, — I see him again ;  
The ledger returns as by legerdemain ;  
His neckcloth is damp with an easterly flaw,  
And he holds in his fingers an omnibus straw.

He dreams the chill gust is a blossomy gale,  
That the straw is a rose from his dear native vale ;  
And murmurs, unconscious of space and of time,  
" A 1. Extra-super. Ah, is n't it PRIME !"

O what are the prizes we perish to win  
To the first little "shiner" we caught with a pin !  
No soil upon earth is so dear to our eyes  
As the soil we first stirred in terrestrial pies !

Then come from all parties, and parts, to our  
feast;  
Though not at the "Astor," we'll give you at  
least  
A bite at an apple, a seat on the grass,  
And the best of old — water — at nothing a  
glass.

#### ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL.



HIS ancient silver bowl of mine, — it  
tells of good old times,  
Of joyous days, and jolly nights, and  
merry Christmas chimes;  
They were a free and jovial race, but honest,  
brave, and true,  
That dipped their ladle in the punch when this  
old bowl was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar, — so runs  
the ancient tale;

'T was hammered by an Antwerp smith, whose  
arm was like a flail;  
And now and then between the strokes, for  
fear his strength should fail,  
He wiped his brow, and quaffed a cup of good  
old Flemish ale.

'T was purchased by an English squire to please  
his loving dame,  
Who saw the cherubs, and conceived a longing  
for the same;  
And oft as on the ancient stock another twig  
was found,  
'T was filled with caudle spiced and hot, and  
handed smoking round.

But, changing hands, it reached at length a  
Puritan divine,  
Who used to follow Timothy, and take a little  
wine,  
But hated punch and prelacy; and so it was,  
perhaps,  
He went to Leyden, where he found conven-  
ticles and schnaps.

And then, of course, you know what 's next, —  
it left the Dutchman's shore  
With those that in the Mayflower came, — a  
hundred souls and more, —  
Along with all the furniture, to fill their new  
abodes, —  
To judge by what is still on hand, at least a  
hundred loads.

'T was on a dreary winter's eve, the night was  
closing dim,  
When old Miles Standish took the bowl, and  
filled it to the brim;  
The little Captain stood and stirred the posset  
with his sword,  
And all his sturdy men-at-arms were rauced  
about the board.

He poured the fiery Hollands in, — the man  
that never feared, —  
He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped  
his yellow beard;  
And one by one the musketeers — the men that  
fought and prayed —

"The little Captain stood and stirred the posset with his sword."





All drank as 't were their mother's milk, and  
not a man afraid.

That night, affrighted from his nest, the scream-  
ing eagle flew,

He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the  
soldier's wild halloo;

And there the sachem learned the rule he  
taught to kith and kin,

"Run from the white man when you find he  
smells of Hollands gin!"

A hundred years, and fifty more, had spread  
their leaves and snows,

A thousand rubs had flattened down each little  
cherub's nose,

When once again the bowl was filled, but not  
in mirth or joy,

'T was mingled by a mother's hand to cheer  
her parting boy.

Drink, John, she said, 't will do you good, —  
poor child, you 'll never bear

This working in the dismal trench, out in the  
midnight air;

And if—God bless me!—you were hurt,  
’t would keep away the chill ;  
So John *did* drink, — and well he wrought that  
night at Bunker’s Hill !

I tell you, there was generous warmth in good  
old English cheer ;  
I tell you, ’t was a pleasant thought to bring  
its symbol here.  
’T is but the fool that loves excess ; — hast  
thou a drunken soul ?  
Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my  
silver bowl !

I love the memory of the past, — its pressed  
yet fragrant flowers, —  
The moss that clothes its broken walls, — the  
ivy on its towers ; —  
Nay, this poor bawble it bequeathed, — my  
eyes grow moist and dim,  
To think of all the vanished joys that danced  
around its brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it  
straight to me ;



The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the  
liquid be ;  
And may the cherubs on its face protect me  
from the sin,  
That dooms one to those dreadful words, —  
“ My dear, where *have* you been ? ”

## THE STETHOSCOPE SONG.

A PROFESSIONAL BALLAD.



HERE was a young man in Boston  
town,  
He bought him a STETHOSCOPE nice  
and new,  
All mounted and finished and polished down,  
With an ivory cap and a stopper too.

It happened a spider within did crawl,  
And spun a web of ample size,  
Wherein there chanced one day to fall  
A couple of very imprudent flies.

The first was a bottle-fly, big and blue,  
The second was smaller, and thin and long;  
So there was a concert between the two,  
Like an octave flute and a tavern gong.

Now being from Paris but recently,  
This fine young man would show his skill;  
And so they gave him, his hand to try,  
A hospital patient extremely ill.

Some said that his *liver* was short of *bile*,  
And some that his *heart* was over size,  
While some kept arguing all the while  
He was crammed with *tubercles* up to his  
eyes.

This fine young man then up stepped he,  
And all the doctors made a pause;  
Said he, — The man must die, you see,  
By the fifty-seventh of Louis's laws.

But since the case is a desperate one,  
To explore his chest it may be well;  
For if he should die and it were not done,  
You know the *autopsy* would not tell.

Then out his stethoscope he took,  
And on it placed his curious ear ;  
*Mon Dieu !* said he, with a knowing look,  
Why here is a sound that 's mighty queer !

The *bourdonnement* is very clear, —  
*Amphoric buzzing*, as I 'm alive !  
Five doctors took their turn to hear ;  
*Amphoric buzzing*, said all the five.

There 's *empyema* beyond a doubt ;  
We 'll plunge a *trocar* in his side, —  
The diagnosis was made out,  
They tapped the patient ; so he died.

Now such as hate new-fashioned toys  
Began to look extremely glum ;  
They said that *rattles* were made for boys,  
And vowed that his *buzzing* was all a hum.

There was an old lady had long been sick,  
And what was the matter none did know :  
Her pulse was slow, though her tongue was  
quick ;  
To her this knowing youth must go.

So there the nice old lady sat,  
    With phials and boxes all in a row ;  
She asked the young doctor what he was at,  
    To thump her and tumble her ruffles so.

Now, when the stethoscope came out,  
    The flies began to buzz and whiz ; —  
O ho ! the matter is clear, no doubt ;  
    An *aneurism* there plainly is.

The *bruit de râpe* and the *bruit de scie*  
    And the *bruit de diable* are all combined ;  
How happy Bouillaud would be,  
    If he a case like this could find !

Now, when the neighboring doctors found  
    A case so rare had been descried,  
They every day her ribs did pound  
    In squads of twenty ; so she died.

Then six young damsels, slight and frail,  
    Received this kind young doctor's cares ;  
They all were getting slim and pale,  
    And short of breath on mounting stairs.

They all made rhymes with "sighs" and "skies,"  
And loathed their puddings and buttered  
rolls,

And dieted, much to their friends' surprise,  
On pickles and pencils and chalk and coals.

So fast their little hearts did bound,  
The frightened insects buzzed the more ;  
So over all their chests he found  
The *rále sifflant*, and *rále sonore*.

He shook his head ; — there 's grave disease, —  
I greatly fear you all must die ;  
A slight *post-mortem*, if you please,  
Surviving friends would gratify.

The six young damsels wept aloud,  
Which so prevailed on six young men,  
That each his honest love avowed,  
Whereat they all got well again.

This poor young man was all aghast ;  
The price of stethoscopes came down ;  
And so he was reduced at last  
To practise in a country town.

The doctors being very sore,  
A stethoscope they did devise,  
That had a rammer to clear the bore,  
With a knob at the end to kill the flies.

Now use your ears, all you that can,  
But don't forget to mind your eyes,  
Or you may be cheated, like this young man,  
By a couple of silly, abnormal flies.

### THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE:

OR, THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."

A LOGICAL STORY.

AVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,  
That was built in such a logical way  
It ran a hundred years to a day,  
And then, of a sudden, it —— ah, but stay,  
I'll tell you what happened without delay,

Scaring the parson into fits,  
Frightening people out of their wits, —  
Have you ever heard of that, I say ?  
Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.

*Georgius Secundus* was then alive, —  
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.  
That was the year when Lisbon-town  
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,  
And Braddock's army was done so brown,  
Left without a scalp to its crown.  
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day  
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,  
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot, —  
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,  
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,  
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, — lurking still,  
Find it somewhere you must and will, —  
Above or below, or within or without, —  
And that 's the reason, beyond a doubt,  
A chaise *breaks down*, but does n't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore, (as Deacons do,  
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*,")

He would build one shay to beat the taown  
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun' ;  
It should be so built that it *couldn'* break  
daown :

—“Fur,” said the Deacon, “’t’s mighty plain  
Thut the weakes’ place mus’ stan’ the strain ;  
’n’ the way t’ fix it, uz I maintain,  
Is only jest  
T’ make that place uz strong uz the rest.”

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk  
Where he could find the strongest oak,  
That could n’t be split nor bent nor broke, —  
That was for spokes and floor and sills ;  
He sent for lancewood to make the thills ;  
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest  
trees ;

The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,  
But lasts like iron for things like these ;  
The hubs of logs from the “Settler’s ellum,” —  
Last of its timber, — they could n’t sell ’em,  
Never an axe had seen their chips,  
And the wedges flew from between their lips,  
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips ;  
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,



Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,  
Steel of the finest, bright and blue ;  
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide ;  
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide  
Found in the pit when the tanner died.  
That was the way he "put her through." —  
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess  
She was a wouder, and nothing less!  
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,  
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,  
Children and grandchildren — where were  
they?

But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay  
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED; — it came and found  
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.  
Eighteen hundred increased by ten; —  
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.  
Eighteen hundred and twenty came; —  
Running as usual; much the same.  
Thirty and forty at last arrive,  
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here  
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year  
Without both feeling and looking queer.  
In fact, there 's nothing that keeps its youth,  
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.  
(This is a moral that runs at large ;  
Take it. — You 're welcome. — No extra  
charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER, — the Earthquake-day. —  
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,  
A general flavor of mild decay,  
But nothing local as one may say.  
There could n't be, — for the Deacon's art  
Had made it so like in every part  
That there was n't a chance for one to start.  
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,  
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,  
And the panels just as strong as the floor,  
And the whippetree neither less nor more,  
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,  
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.  
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt  
In another hour it will be *worn out* !

First of November, 'Fifty-five !  
This morning the parson takes a drive.  
Now, small boys, get out of the way !  
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,  
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.  
" Huddup ! " said the parson. — Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text, —  
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed  
At what the — Moses — was coming next.  
All at once the horse stood still,  
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.  
— First a shiver, and then a thrill,  
Then something decidedly like a spill, —  
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,  
At half past nine by the meet'n'-house clock, —  
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock !  
— What do you think the parson found,  
When he got up and stared around ?  
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,  
As if it had been to the mill and ground !  
You see, of course, if you 're not a dunce,  
How it went to pieces all at once, —  
All at once, and nothing first, —  
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.  
Logic is logic. That 's all I say.

### CONTENTMENT.

“Man wants but little here below.”



LITTLE I ask ; my wants are few ;  
I only wish a hut of stone,  
(A *very plain* brown stone will do,) —  
That I may call my own ; —  
And close at hand is such a one,  
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me ;  
Three courses are as good as ten ; —  
If Nature can subsist on three,  
Thank Heaven for three. Amen !  
I always thought cold victual nice ; —  
My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land ; —  
Give me a mortgage here and there, —

Some good bank-stock, — some note of hand,  
Or trifling railroad share, —  
I only ask that Fortune send  
A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,  
And titles are but empty names ;  
I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo, —  
But only near St. James ;  
I'm very sure I should not care  
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are bawbles ; 't is a sin  
To care for such unfruitful things ; —  
One good-sized diamond in a pin, —  
Some, *not so large*, in rings, —  
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,  
Will do for me ; — I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire ;  
(Good, heavy silks are never dear ; ) —  
I own perhaps I *might* desire  
Some shawls of true Cashmere, —  
Some marrowy crapes of China silk,  
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive  
So fast that folks must stop and stare;  
An easy gait — two, forty-five —  
Suits me; I do not care; —  
Perhaps, for just a *single spurt*,  
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own  
Titians and Raphaels three or four, —  
I love so much their style and tone, —  
One Turner, and no more,  
(A landscape, — foreground golden dirt, —  
The sunshine painted with a squirt.)

Of books but few, — some fifty score  
For daily use, and bound for wear;  
The rest upon an upper floor; —  
Some *little* luxury *there*  
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,  
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems, — such things as these,  
Which others often show for pride,  
I value for their power to please,  
And selfish churls deride; —

*One* Stradivarius, I confess,  
*Two* Meerschaums, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,  
Nor ape the glittering upstart fool; —  
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,  
But *all* must be of buhl?  
Give grasping pomp its double share, —  
I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,  
Nor long for Midas' golden touch;  
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,  
I shall not miss them *much*, —  
Too grateful for the blessing lent  
Of simple tastes and mind content!



## THE OLD MAN DREAMS.



FOR one hour of youthful joy!  
Give back my twentieth spring!  
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy  
Than reign a gray-beard king!

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age!  
Away with learning's crown!  
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,  
And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream  
From boyhood's fount of flame!  
Give me one giddy, reeling dream  
Of life all love and fame!

— My listening angel heard the prayer,  
And, calmly smiling, said,  
“If I but touch thy silvered hair,  
Thy hasty wish hath sped.



“But is there nothing in thy track  
To bid thee fondly stay,  
While the swift seasons hurry back  
To find the wished-for day?”

— Ah, truest soul of womankind!  
Without thee, what were life?  
One bliss I cannot leave behind:  
I'll take — my — precious — wife!

— The angel took a sapphire pen  
And wrote in rainbow dew,  
“The man would be a boy again,  
And be a husband too!”

— “And is there nothing yet unsaid  
Before the change appears?  
Remember, all their gifts have fled  
With those dissolving years!”

Why, yes; for memory would recall  
My fond paternal joys;  
I could not bear to leave them all;  
I'll take — my — girl — and — boys!

The smiling angel dropped his pen, —  
“ Why, this will never do ;  
The man would be a boy again,  
And be a father too ! ”

And so I laughed, — my laughter woke  
The household with its noise, —  
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,  
To please the gray-haired boys.

### THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.



HIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets  
feign,  
Sails the unshadowed main, —  
The venturous bark that flings  
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings  
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,  
And coral reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their  
streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;  
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!  
And every chambered cell,  
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,  
Before thee lies revealed, —  
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt un-  
sealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous coil;  
Still, as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew  
the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by  
thee,  
Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap, forlorn!  
From thy dead lips, a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathéd horn!  
While on mine ear it rings,

Through the deep caves of thought I hear a  
voice that sings : —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll !  
Leave thy low-vaulted past !  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unrest-  
ing sea !

### THE TWO ARMIES.

S Life's unending column pours,  
Two marshalled hosts are seen, —  
Two armies on the trampled shores  
That Death flows black between.

One marches to the drum-beat's roll,  
The wide-mouthed clarion's bray,

And bears upon a crimson scroll,  
“Our glory is to slay.”

One moves in silence by the stream,  
With sad, yet watchful eyes,  
Calm as the patient planet's gleam  
That walks the clouded skies.

Along its front no sabres shine,  
No blood-red pennons wave ;  
Its banner bears the single line,  
“Our duty is to save.”

For those no death-bed's lingering shade  
At Honor's trumpet-call,  
With knitted brow and lifted blade  
In Glory's arms they fall.

For these no clashing falchions bright,  
No stirring battle-cry ;  
The bloodless stabber calls by night, —  
Each answers, “Here am I !”

For those the sculptor's laurelled bust,  
The builder's marble piles,

The anthems pealing o'er their dust  
Through long cathedral aisles.

For these the blossom-sprinkled turf  
That floods the lonely graves  
When Spring rolls in her sea-green surf  
In flowery-foaming waves.

Two paths lead upward from below,  
And angels wait above,  
Who count each burning life-drop's flow,  
Each falling tear of Love.

Though from the Hero's bleeding breast  
Her pulses Freedom drew,  
Though the white lilies in her crest  
Sprang from that scarlet dew, —

While Valor's haughty champions wait  
Till all their scars are shown,  
Love walks unchallenged through the gate,  
To sit beside the Throne!



## MUSA.



MY lost beauty! — hast thou folded  
quite

Thy wings of morning light  
Beyond those iron gates  
Where Life crowds hurrying to the haggard  
Fates,  
And Age upon his mound of ashes waits  
To chill our fiery dreams,  
Hot from the heart of youth plunged in his  
icy streams?

Leave me not fading in these weeds of care,  
Whose flowers are silvered hair!  
Have I not loved thee long,  
Though my young lips have often done thee  
wrong,  
And vexed thy heaven-tuned ear with careless  
song?  
Ah, wilt thou yet return,

Bearing thy rose-hued torch, and bid thine altar  
burn ?

Come to me ! — I will flood thy silent shrine  
With my soul's sacred wine,  
And heap thy marble floors  
As the wild spice-trees waste their fragrant  
stores,  
In leafy islands walled with madrepores  
And lapped in Orient seas,  
When all their feathery palms toss, plume-like,  
in the breeze.

Come to me ! — thou shalt feed on honeyed  
words,  
Sweeter than song of birds ; —  
No wailing bulbul's throat,  
No melting dulcimer's melodious note  
When o'er the midnight wave its murmurs  
float,  
Thy ravished sense might soothe  
With flow so liquid-soft, with strain so velvet-  
smooth.

Thou shalt be decked with jewels, like a queen,  
Sought in those bowers of green  
Where loop the clustered vines



And the close-clinging *dulcamara* twines, —  
Pure pearls of *Maydew* where the moonlight  
shines,

And Summer's fruited gems,  
And coral pendants shorn from Autumn's ber-  
ried stems.

Sit by me drifting on the sleepy waves, —  
Or stretched by grass-grown graves,  
Whose gray, high-shouldered stones,  
Carved with old names Life's time-worn roll  
disowns,

Lean, lichen-spotted, o'er the crumbled bones  
Still slumbering where they lay  
While the sad Pilgrim watched to scare the  
wolf away.

Spread o'er my couch thy visionary wing !  
Still let me dream and sing, —  
Dream of that winding shore  
Where scarlet cardinals bloom — for me no  
more, —

The stream with heaven beneath its liquid floor,  
And clustering *nenuphars*  
Sprinkling its mirrored blue like golden-chal-  
iced stars !

Come while their balms the linden-blossoms  
shed! —

Come while the rose is red, —

While blue-eyed Summer smiles

On the green ripples round yon sunken piles

Washed by the moon-wave warm from Indian  
isles,

And on the sultry air

The chestnuts spread their palms like holy  
men in prayer!

O for thy burning lips to fire my brain

With thrills of wild, sweet pain! —

On life's autumnal blast,

Like shrivelled leaves, youth's passion-flowers  
are cast, —

Once loving thee, we love thee to the last! —

Behold thy new-decked shrine,

And hear once more the voice that breathed

“Forever thine!”



## THE TWO STREAMS.



BEHOLD the rocky wall  
That down its sloping sides  
Pours the swift rain-drops, blending,  
as they fall,  
In rushing river-tides!

Yon stream, whose sources run  
Turned by a pebble's edge,  
Is Athabasca, rolling toward the sun  
Through the cleft mountain-ledge.

The slender rill had strayed,  
But for the slanting stone,  
To evening's ocean, with the tangled braid  
Of foam-flecked Oregon.

So from the heights of Will  
Life's parting stream descends,

And, as a moment turns its slender rill,  
Each widening torrent bends, —

From the same cradle's side,  
From the same mother's knee, —  
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,  
One to the Peaceful Sea !

### AVIS.



MAY not rightly call thy name, —  
Alas ! thy forehead never knew  
The kiss that happier children claim,  
Nor glistened with baptismal dew.

Daughter of want and wrong and woe,  
I saw thee with thy sister-band,  
Snatched from the whirlpool's narrowing flow  
By Mercy's strong yet trembling hand.

— “Avis !” — With Saxon eye and cheek,  
At once a woman and a child,

The saint uncrowned I came to seek  
Drew near to greet us, — spoke, and smiled.

God gave that sweet sad smile she wore  
All wrong to shame, all souls to win, —  
A heavenly sunbeam sent before  
Her footsteps through a world of sin.

— “And who is Avis?” — Hear the tale  
The calm-voiced matrons gravely tell, —  
The story known through all the vale  
Where Avis and her sisters dwell.

With the lost children running wild,  
Strayed from the hand of human care,  
They find one little refuse child  
Left helpless in its poisoned lair.

The primal mark is on her face, —  
The chattel-stamp, — the pariah-stain  
That follows still her hunted race, —  
The curse without the crime of Cain.

How shall our smooth-turned phrase relate  
The little suffering outcast's ail?

Not Lazarus at the rich man's gate  
So turned the rose-wreathed revellers pale.

Ah, veil the living death from sight  
That wounds our beauty-loving eye!  
The children turn in selfish fright,  
The white-lipped nurses hurry by.

Take her, dread Angel! Break in love  
This bruised reed and make it thine! —  
No voice descended from above,  
But Avis answered, "She is mine."

The task that dainty menials spurn  
The fair young girl has made her own;  
Her heart shall teach, her hand shall learn  
The toils, the duties yet unknown.

So Love and Death in lingering strife  
Stand face to face from day to day,  
Still battling for the spoil of Life  
While the slow seasons creep away.

Love conquers Death; the prize is won;  
See to her joyous bosom pressed

The dusky daughter of the sun, —  
The bronze against the marble breast!

Her task is done; no voice divine  
Has crowned her deeds with saintly fame.  
No eye can see the aureole shine  
That rings her brow with heavenly flame.

Yet what has holy page more sweet,  
Or what had woman's love more fair,  
When Mary clasped her Saviour's feet  
With flowing eyes and streaming hair?

Meek child of sorrow, walk unknown,  
The Angel of that earthly throng,  
And let thine image live alone  
To hallow this unstudied song!



## DOROTHY Q.

## A FAMILY PORTRAIT.

 RANDMOTHER'S mother : her age,  
I guess,  
Thirteen summers, or something less;  
Girlish bust, but womanly air,  
Smooth, square forehead with uprolled hair,  
Lips that lover has never kissed,  
Taper fingers and slender wrist,  
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade, —  
So they painted the little maid.

On her hand a parrot green  
Sits unmoving and broods serene.  
Hold up the canvas full in view, —  
Look ! there's a rent the light shines through,  
Dark with a century's fringe of dust, —  
That was a Red-Coat's rapier-thrust !  
Such is the tale the lady old,  
Dorothy's daughter's daughter, told.



Who the painter was none may tell, —  
One whose best was not over well ;  
Hard and dry, it must be confessed,  
Flat as a rose that has long been pressed ;  
Yet in her cheek the hues are bright,  
Dainty colors of red and white,  
And in her slender shape are seen  
Hint and promise of stately mien.

Look not on her with eyes of scorn, —  
Dorothy Q. was a lady born !  
Ay ! since the galloping Normans came,  
England's annals have known her name ;  
And still to the three-hilled rebel town  
Dear is that ancient name's renown,  
For many a civic wreath they won,  
The youthful sire and the gray-haired son.

O Damsel Dorothy ! Dorothy Q. !  
Strange is the gift that I owe to you ;  
Such a gift as never a king  
Save to daughter or son might bring, —  
All my tenure of heart and hand,  
All my title to house and land ;

Mother and sister and child and wife  
And joy and sorrow and death and life !

What if a hundred years ago  
Those close-shut lips had answered No,  
When forth the tremulous question came  
That cost the maiden her Norman name,  
And under the folds that look so still  
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill?  
Should I be I, or would it be  
One tenth another, to nine tenths me !

Soft is the breath of a maiden's YES :  
Not the light gossamer stirs with less ;  
But never a cable that holds so fast  
Through all the battles of wave and blast,  
And never an echo of speech or song  
That lives in the babbling air so long !  
There were tones in the voice that whispered  
then  
You may hear to-day in a hundred men.

O lady and lover, how faint and far  
Your images hover, — and here we are,  
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone, —

Edward's and Dorothy's — all their own, —  
A goodly record for Time to show  
Of a syllable spoken so long ago ! —  
Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive  
For the tender whisper that bade me live ?

It shall be a blessing, my little maid !  
I will heal the stab of the Red-Coat's blade,  
And freshen the gold of the tarnished frame,  
And gild with a rhyme your household name ;  
So you shall smile on us brave and bright  
As first you greeted the morning's light,  
And live untroubled by woes and fears  
Through a second youth of a hundred years.

## ARMY HYMN.

“ Old Hundred.”



LORD of Hosts ! Almighty King !  
Behold the sacrifice we bring !  
To every arm Thy strength impart,  
Thy spirit shed through every heart !

Wake in our breasts the living fires,  
The holy faith that warmed our sires ;  
Thy hand hath made our Nation free ;  
To die for her is serving Thee.

Be Thou a pillared flame to show  
The midnight snare, the silent foe ;  
And when the battle thunders loud,  
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

God of all Nations ! Sovereign Lord !  
In Thy dread name we draw the sword,  
We lift the starry flag on high  
That fills with light our stormy sky.

From treason's rent, from murder's stain,  
Guard Thou its folds till Peace shall reign, —  
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,  
Join our loud anthem, PRAISE TO THEE !



## INTERNATIONAL ODE.

## OUR FATHERS' LAND.



OD bless our Fathers' Land!  
Keep her in heart and hand  
One with our own!

From all her foes defend,  
Be her brave People's Friend,  
On all her realms descend,  
Protect her Throne!

Father, with loving care  
Guard Thou her kingdom's Heir,  
Guide all his ways:  
Thine arm his shelter be,  
From him by land and sea  
Bid storm and danger flee,  
Prolong his days!

Lord, let War's tempest cease,  
Fold the whole earth in peace

Under Thy wings !  
Make all Thy nations one,  
All hearts beneath the sun,  
Till Thou shalt reign alone,  
Great King of kings !

### PARTING HYMN.

“Dundee.”

ATHER of Mercies, Heavenly Friend,  
We seek Thy gracious throne ;  
To Thee our faltering prayers ascend,  
Our fainting hearts are known !

From blasts that chill, from suns that smite,  
From every plague that harms ;  
In camp and march, in siege and fight,  
Protect our men-at-arms !

Though from our darkened lives they take  
What makes our life most dear,

We yield them for their country's sake  
With no relenting tear.

Our blood their flowing veins will shed,  
Their wounds our breasts will share;  
O, save us from the woes we dread,  
Or grant us strength to bear !

Let each unhallowed cause that brings  
The stern destroyer cease,  
Thy flaming angel fold his wings,  
And seraphs whisper Peace !

Thine are the sceptre and the sword,  
Stretch forth Thy mighty hand, —  
Reign Thou our kingless nation's Lord,  
Rule Thou our throneless land !









# HEALTH.

By JOHN BROWN, M. D.

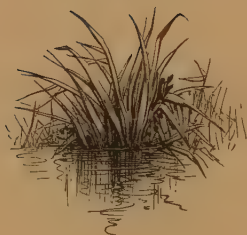




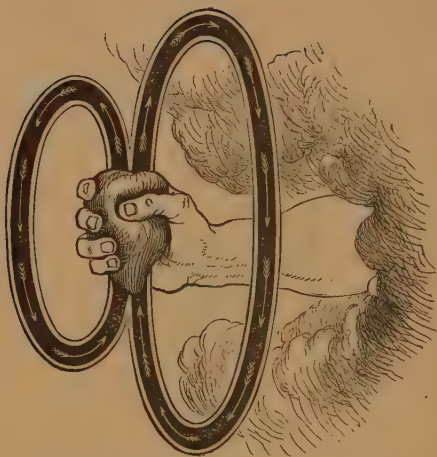


*Affectionately inscribed to the memory of the REV. JAMES TRENCH, the heart and soul of the Canongate Mission, who, while he preached a pure and a fervent gospel to its heathens, taught them also and therefore to respect and save their health, and was the Originator and Keeper of their Library and Penny Bank, as well as their Minister.*









He is not far from every one of us. For in Him we lie  
and move not less than in Him we have our being.

“Out of darkness comes the hand  
Reaching through nature, — moulding man.”



## PREFACE.

**T**HREE of these sermons were written for, and (shall I say ?) preached some years ago, in one of the earliest missionary stations in Edinburgh, established by Broughton Place Congregation, and presided over at that time by the Reverend James Trench; one of the best human beings it was ever my privilege to know. He is dead; dying in and of his work, — from typhus fever caught at the bedside of one of his poor members — but he lives in the hearts of many a widow and fatherless child; and lives also, I doubt not, in the immediate vision of Him to do whose will was his meat and his drink. Given ten thousand such men, how would the crooked places be made straight, and the rough places plain, the wildernesses of city wickedness, the solitary places of sin and despair, of pain and shame, be made glad! This is what is to regenerate mankind; this is the leaven that some day is to leaven the lump.

The other two sermons were never preached, except in print; but they were composed in the same key. I say this not in defence, but in explanation. I have tried to speak to working men and women from my lay pulpit, in the same words, with the same voice, with the same thoughts I was in the habit of using when doctoring them. This is the reason of their plain speaking. There is no other way of reaching these sturdy and weather and work-beaten understandings; there is nothing fine about them outside, though they are often as white in the skin under their clothes as a duchess, and their hearts as soft and tender as Jonathan's, or as Rachel's, or our own Grizel Baillie's; but you must speak out to them, and must not be mealy-mouthed if you wish to reach their minds and affections and wills. I wish the gentlefolks could bear and could use a little more of this outspokenness; and, as old Porson said, condescend to call a spade a spade, and not a horticultural implement; five letters instead of twenty-two, and more to the purpose.

You see, my dear working friends, I am great upon sparing your strength and taking things can-nily. "All very well," say you; "it is easy speaking, and saying, Take it easy; but if the pat's on the fire it maun bile." It must, but you need n't



poke up the fire forever, and you may now and then set the kettle on the hob, and let it sing, instead of leaving it to burn its bottom out.

I had a friend who injured himself by overwork. One day I asked the servant if any person had called, and was told that some one had. "Who was it?" "O, it's the little gentleman that *aye rins when he walks!*" So I wish this age would walk more and "rin" less. A man can walk farther and longer than he can run, and it is poor saving to get out of breath. A man who lives to be seventy, and has ten children and (say) five-and-twenty grandchildren, is of more worth to the state than three men who die at thirty, it is to be hoped unmarried. However slow a coach seventy may have been, and however energetic and go-ahead the three thirties, I back the tortoise against the hares in the long run.

I am constantly seeing men who suffer, and indeed die, from living too fast; from true though not consciously immoral dissipation or scattering of their lives. Many a man is bankrupt in constitution at forty-five, and either takes out a *cessio* of himself to the grave, or goes on paying ten per cent for his stock-in-trade; he spends his capital instead of merely spending what he makes, or better still, laying up a purse for the days of darkness

and old age. A queer man, forty years ago, — Mr. Slate, or, as he was called, *Sclate*, who was too clever and not clever enough, and had not wisdom to use his wit, always scheming, full of “go,” but never getting on, — was stopped by his friend, Sir Walter Scott, — that wonderful friend of us all, to whom we owe Jeanie Deans and Rob Roy, Meg Merrilies and Dandie Dinmont, Jinglin’ Geordie, Cuddie Headrigg, and the immortal Baillie, — one day in Princess Street. “How are ye getting on, Sclate?” “Oo, just the auld thing, Sir Walter; *ma pennies a’ gang on tippenny eerands.*” And so it is with our nervous power, with our vital capital, with the pence of life; many of them go on “tippenny eerands.” We are forever getting our bills renewed, till down comes the poor and damaged concern with dropsy or consumption, blazing fever, madness, or palsy. There is a Western Banking system in living, in using our bodily organs, as well as in paper-money. But I am running off into another sermon.

Health of mind and body, next to a good conscience, is the best blessing our Maker can give us, and to no one is it more immediately valuable than to the laboring man and his wife and children; and indeed a good conscience is just moral health, the wholeness of the sense and the organ of duty; for

let us never forget that there is a religion of the body, as well as, and greatly helpful of, the religion of the soul. We are to glorify God in our souls and in our bodies, for the best of all reasons, *because they are his*, and to remember that at last we must give account, not only of our thoughts and spiritual desires and acts, but *all the deeds done in our body*. A husband who, in the morning before going to his work, would cut his right hand off sooner than injure the wife of his bosom, strangles her that same night when mad with drink; that is a deed done in his body, and truly by his body, for his judgment is gone; and for that he must give an account when his name is called; his judgment was gone; but then, as the child of a drunken murderer said to me, "A' but, sir, wha gonied it?" I am not a teetotaler. I am against teetotalism as a doctrine of universal application; I think we are meant to use these things as not abusing them,—this is one of the disciplines of life; but I not the less am sure that drunkenness ruins men's bodies,—it is not for me to speak of souls,—is a greater cause of disease and misery, poverty, crime, and death among the laboring men and women of our towns, than consumption, fever, cholera, and all their tribe, with thieving and profligacy and improvidence thrown into the bargain: these slay

their thousands; this its tens of thousands. Do you ever think of the full meaning of "he's the waur o' drink?" How much the waur? — and then "dead drunk," — "mortal." Can there be anything more awfully significant than these expressions you hear from children in the streets?

You will see in the woodcut a good illustration of the circulation of the blood: both that through our lungs, by which we breathe and burn, and that through the whole body, by which we live and build. That hand grasps the heart, the central depot, with its valves opening out and in, and, by its contraction and relaxation, makes the living fluid circulate everywhere, carrying in strength, life, and supply to all, and carrying off waste and harm. None of you will be the worse of thinking of that hand as His who makes, supports, moves, and governs all things, — that hand which, while it wheels the rolling worlds, gathers the lambs with his arm, carries them in his bosom, and gently leads those that are with young, and which was once nailed for "our advantage on the bitter cross."

J. B.

23 RUTLAND STREET,  
December 16, 1861.



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## HEALTH.



### SERMON I.

THE DOCTOR: OUR DUTIES TO HIM.

**E**VERYBODY knows the Doctor; a very important person he is to us all. What could we do without him? He brings us into this world, and tries to keep us as long in it as he can, and as long as our bodies can hold together; and he is with us at that strange and last hour which will come to us all, when we must leave this world and go into the next.

When we are well, we perhaps think little about the Doctor, or we have our small joke at him and his drugs; but let anything go wrong with our body, that wonderful tabernacle in which our soul dwells, let any of its wheels go wrong, then off we fly to him. If the mother thinks her husband or her child dying, how she runs to him, and urges him with her tears! how she watches his face, and follows his searching eye, as he examines the dear sufferer; how

she wonders what he thinks, — what would she give to know what he knows ! how she wearies for his visit ! how a cheerful word from him makes her heart leap with joy, and gives her spirit and strength to watch over the bed of distress ! Her whole soul goes out to him in unspeakable gratitude when he brings back to her from the power of the grave her husband or darling child. The Doctor knows many of our secrets, of our sorrows, which no one else knows, — some of our sins, perhaps, which the great God alone else knows ; how many cares and secrets, how many lives, he carries in his heart and in his hands ! So you see he is a very important person the Doctor, and we should do our best to make the most of him, and to do our duty to him and to ourselves.

A thinking man feels often painfully what a serious thing it is to be a doctor, to have the charge of the lives of his fellow-mortals, to stand, as it were, between them and death and eternity and the judgment-seat, and to fight hand to hand with Death. One of the best men and greatest physicians that ever lived, Dr. Sydenham, says, in reference to this, and it would be well if all doctors, young and old, would consider his words : —

“ It becomes every man who purposes to give himself to the care of others, seriously to consider the four following things : *First*, That he must one day give an account to the Supreme Judge of all the lives intrusted to his care. *Secondly*, That all his



skill and knowledge and energy, as they have been given him by God, so they should be exercised for his glory and the good of mankind, and not for mere gain or ambition. *Thirdly*, and not more beautifully than truly, Let him reflect that he has undertaken the care of no mean creature, for, in order that we may estimate the value, the greatness of the human race, the only begotten Son of God became himself a man, and thus ennobled it with his divine dignity, and, far more than this, died to redeem it; and *Fourthly*, That the Doctor, being himself a mortal man, should be diligent and tender in relieving his suffering patients, inasmuch as he himself must one day be a like sufferer."

I shall never forget a proof I myself got twenty years ago, how serious a thing it is to be a doctor, and how terribly in earnest people are when they want him. It was when cholera first came here in 1832. I was in England at Chatham, which you all know is a great place for ships and sailors. This fell disease comes on generally in the night; as the Bible says, "it walks in darkness," and many a morning was I roused at two o'clock to go and see its sudden victims, for then is its hour and power. One morning a sailor came to say I must go three miles down the river to a village where it had broken out with great fury. Off I set. We rowed in silence down the dark river, passing the huge hulks, and hearing the restless convicts turning in their

beds in their chains. The men rowed with all their might : they had too many dying or dead at home to have the heart to speak to me. We got near the place ; it was very dark, but I saw a crowd of men and women on the shore, at the landing-place. They were all shouting for the Doctor ; the shrill cries of the women, and the deep voices of the men coming across the water to me. We were near the shore, when I saw a big old man, his hat off, his hair gray, his head bald ; he said nothing, but turning them all off with his arm, he plunged into the sea, and before I knew where I was, he had me in his arms. I was helpless as an infant. He waded out with me, carrying me high up in his left arm, and with his right levelling every man or woman who stood in his way.

It was Big Joe carrying me to see his grandson, little Joe ; and he bore me off to the poor convulsed boy, and dared me to leave him till he was better. He did get better, but Big Joe was dead that night. He had the disease on him when he carried me away from the boat, but his heart was set upon his boy. I never can forget that night, and how important a thing it was to be able to relieve suffering, and how much Old Joe was in earnest about having the Doctor.

Now, I want you to consider how important the Doctor is to you. Nobody needs him so much as the poor and laboring man. He is often ill. He

is exposed to hunger and wet and cold, and to fever, and to all the diseases of hard labor and poverty. His work is heavy, and his heart is often heavy, too, with misery of all kinds, — his heart weary with its burden, — his hands and limbs often meeting with accidents, — and you know if the poor man, if one of you falls ill and takes fever, or breaks his leg, it is a far more serious thing than with a richer man. Your health and strength are all you have to depend on; they are your stock-in-trade, your capital. Therefore I shall ask you to remember *four things* about your duty to the Doctor, so as to get the most good out of him, and do the most good to him too.

1st, It is your duty to trust the Doctor;

2dly, It is your duty to obey the Doctor;

3dly, It is your duty to speak the truth to the Doctor, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and,

4thly, It is your duty to reward the Doctor.

And so now for the *first*. It is your duty to *trust* the Doctor, that is, to believe in him. If you were in a ship, in a wild storm, and among dangerous rocks, and if you took a pilot on board, who knew all the coast and all the breakers, and had a clear eye, and a firm heart, and a practised hand, would you not let him have his own way? would you think of giving him your poor advice, or keep his hand from its work at the helm? You would not be such

a fool, or so uncivil, or so mad. And yet many people do this very same sort of thing, just because they don't really trust their Doctor ; and a doctor is a pilot for your bodies when they are in a storm and in distress. He takes the helm, and does his best to guide you through a fever ; but he must have fair play ; he must be trusted even in the dark. It is wonderful what cures the very sight of a doctor will work, if the patient believes in him ; it is half the battle. His very face is as good as a medicine, and sometimes better, — and much pleasanter too.

One day a laboring man came to me with indigestion. He had a sour and sore stomach, and heartburn, and the water-brash, and wind, and colic, and wonderful misery of body and mind. I found he was eating bad food, and too much of it ; and then, when its digestion gave him pain, he took a glass of raw whiskey. I made him promise to give up his bad food and his worse whiskey, and live on pease-brose and sweet milk, and I wrote him a prescription, as we call it, for some medicine, and said, “ Take *that*, and come back in a fortnight and you will be well.” He did come back, hearty and hale ; — no colic, no sinking at the heart, a clean tongue, and a cool hand, and a firm step, and a clear eye, and a happy face. I was very proud of the wonders my prescription had done ; and having forgotten what it was, I said, “ Let me see what I

gave you." "O," says he, "I took it." "Yes," said I, "but the prescription." "*I took it*, as you bade me. I swallowed it." He had actually eaten the bit of paper, and been all that the better of it; but it would have done him little, at least less good had he not trusted me when I said he would be better, and attended to my rules.

So, take my word for it, and trust your Doctor; it is his due, and it is for your own advantage. Now, our next duty is to *obey* the Doctor. This you will think is simple enough. What use is there in calling him in, if we don't do what he bids us? and yet nothing is more common — partly from laziness and sheer stupidity, partly from conceit and suspiciousness, and partly, in the case of children, from false kindness and indulgence — than to disobey the Doctor's orders. Many a child have I seen die from nothing but the mother's not liking to make her swallow a powder, or put on a blister; and let me say, by the by, teach your children at once to obey you, and take the medicine. Many a life is lost from this, and remember you may make even Willie Winkie take his castor-oil in spite of his cries and teeth, *by holding his nose*, so that he must swallow.

*Thirdly, You should tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth*, to your Doctor. He may be never so clever, and never so anxious, but he can no more know how to treat a case of ill-

ness without knowing all about it, than a miller can make meal without corn ; and many a life have I seen lost from the patient or his friends concealing something that was true, or telling something that was false. The silliness of this is only equal to its sinfulness and its peril.

I remember, in connection with that place where Big Joe lived and died, a singular proof of the perversity of people in not telling the Doctor the truth, — as you know people are apt to send for him in cholera when it is too late, when it is a death rather than a disease. But there is an early stage, called premonitory, — or warning, — when medicines can avail. I summoned all the people of that fishing-village who were well, and told them this, and asked them if they had any of the symptoms. They all denied having any (this is a peculiar feature in that terrible disease, they are afraid to *let on* to themselves, or even the Doctor, that they are “in for it”), though from their looks and from their going away while I was speaking, I knew they were not telling the truth. Well, I said, “You must, at any rate, every one of you take some of this,” producing a bottle of medicine. I will not tell you what it was, as you should never take drugs at your own hands, but it is simple and cheap. I made every one take it ; only one woman going away without taking any ; she was the only one of all those *who died*.

*Lastly, It is your duty to reward your Doctor.* There are four ways of rewarding your Doctor. The first is by giving him your money; the second is by giving him your gratitude; the third is by your doing his bidding; and the fourth is by speaking well of him, giving him a good name, recommending him to others. Now, I know few if any of you can pay your Doctor, and it is a great public blessing that in this country you will always get a good Doctor willing to attend you for nothing, and this *is* a great blessing; but let me tell you, — I don't think I need tell you, — try and pay him, be it ever so little. It does you good as well as him; it keeps up your self-respect; it raises you in your own eye, in your neighbor's, and, what is best, in your God's eye, because it is doing what is right. The "man of independent mind," be he never so poor, is "king of men for a' that"; ay, and "for twice and mair than a' that"; and to pay his way is one of the proudest things a poor man can say, and he may say it oftener than he thinks he can. And then let me tell you, as a bit of cool, worldly wisdom, that your Doctor will do you all the more good, and make a better job of your cure, if he gets something, some money for his pains; it is human nature and common sense, this. It is wonderful how much real kindness and watching and attendance and cleanliness you may get *for so many shillings a week*. Nursing is a much better

article at that, — much, — than at *nothing* a week. But I pass on to the other ways of paying or rewarding your Doctor, and, above all, to *gratitude*.

Honey is not sweeter in your mouths, and light is not more pleasant to your eyes, and music to your ears, and a warm, cosey bed is not more welcome to your wearied legs and head, than is the honest, deep gratitude of the poor to the young Doctor. It is his glory, his reward ; he fills himself with it, and wraps himself all round with it as with a cloak, and goes on in his work, happy and hearty ; and the gratitude of the poor is worth the having, and worth the keeping, and worth the remembering. Twenty years ago I attended old Sandie Campbell's wife in a fever, in Big Hamilton's Close in the Grassmarket, — two worthy, kindly souls they were and are. (Sandie is dead now.) By God's blessing, the means I used saved "oor Kirsty's" life, and I made friends of these two forever ; Sandie would have fought for me if need be, and Kirsty would do as good. I can count on them as my friends, and when I pass the close-mouth in the West Port, where they now live, and are thriving, keeping their pigs, and their hoary old cuddie and cart, I get a courtesy from Kirsty, and see her look after me, and turn to the women beside her, and I know exactly what she is saying to them about "Dr. Broon." And when I meet old Sandie, with



his ancient and long-lugged friend, driving the draff from the distillery for his swine, I see his gray eye brighten and glisten, and he looks up and gives his manly and cordial nod, and goes on his way, and I know that he is saying to himself, "God bless him! he saved my Kirsty's life," and he runs back in his mind all those twenty past years, and lays out his heart on all he remembers, and that does him good and me too, and nobody any ill. Therefore, give your gratitude to your Doctor, and remember him, like honest Sandie; it will not lose its reward and it costs you nothing; it is one of those things you can give and never be a bit the poorer, but all the richer.

One person I would earnestly warn you against, and that is the *Quack Doctor*. If the real Doctor is a sort of God of healing, or rather our God's cobbler for the body, the Quack is the Devil for the body, or rather the Devil's servant against the body. And like his father, he is a great liar and cheat. He offers you what he cannot give. Whenever you see a medicine that cures everything, be sure it cures nothing; and remember, it may kill. The Devil promised our Saviour all the kingdoms of the world if he would fall down and worship him; now this was a lie, he could not give him any such thing.. Neither can the Quack give you his kingdoms of health, even though you worship him as he best likes, by paying him for his trash;

he is dangerous and dear, and often deadly, — have nothing to do with him.

We have our duties to one another, yours to me, and mine to you: but we have all our duty to one else, — to Almighty God, who is beside us at this very moment — who followed us all this day, and knew all we did and didn't do, what we thought and didn't think, — who will watch over us all this night, — who is continually doing us good, — who is waiting to be gracious to us, — who is the great Physician, whose saving health will heal all our diseases, and redeem our life from destruction, and crown us with loving-kindness and tender mercies, — who can make death the opening into a better life, the very gate of heaven; that same death which is to all of us the most awful and most certain of all things, and at whose door sits its dreadful king, with that javelin, that sting of his, which is sin, our own sin. Death would be nothing without sin, no more than falling asleep in the dark to awake to the happy light of the morning. Now, I would have you think of your duty to this great God, our Father in heaven; and I would have you to remember that it is your duty to trust him, to believe in him. If you do not, your soul will be shipwrecked, you will go down in terror and in darkness.

It is your duty to *obey* him. Whom else in all this world should you obey, if not him? and who

else so easily pleased, if we only do obey? It is your duty to speak the truth to him, not that he needs any man to tell him anything. He knows everything about everybody; nobody can keep a secret from him. But he hates lies; he abhors a falsehood. He is the God of truth, and must be dealt honestly with, in sincerity and godly fear; and, lastly, you must in a certain sense *reward* him. You cannot give him money, for the silver and gold, the cattle upon a thousand hills, are all his already, but you can give him your grateful lives; you can give him your hearts; and as old Mr. Henry says, "Thanksgiving is good, but thanks-living is better."

One word more; you should call your Doctor early. It saves time; it saves suffering; it saves trouble; it saves life. If you saw a fire beginning in your house, you would put it out as fast as you could. You might perhaps be able to blow out with your breath what in an hour the fire-engine could make nothing of. So it is with disease and the Doctor. A disease in the morning when beginning is like the fire beginning; a dose of medicine, some simple thing, may put it out, when if left alone, before night it may be raging hopelessly, like the fire if left alone, and leaving your body dead and in the ruins in a few hours. So, call in the Doctor soon; it saves him much trouble, and may save you your life.

And let me end by asking you to call in the Great Physician; to call him instantly, to call him in time; there is not a moment to lose. He is waiting to be called; he is standing at the door. But he must be *called*, — he may be called too late.





## SERMON II.

THE DOCTOR: HIS DUTIES TO YOU.

**Y**OU remember our last sermon was mostly about your duties to the Doctor. I am now going to speak about his duties to you; for you know it is a law of our life, that there are no one-sided duties, — they are all double. It is like shaking hands, there must be two at it; and both of you ought to give a hearty grip and a hearty shake. You owe much to many, and many owe much to you. The Apostle says, "Owe no man anything but to love one another"; but if you owe that, you must be forever paying it; it is always due, always running on; and the meanest and most helpless, the most forlorn, can always pay and be paid in that coin, and in paying can buy more than he thought of. Just as a farthing candle, twinkling out of a cotter's window, and, it may be, guiding the gudeman home to his wife and children, sends its rays out into the infinite ex-

panse of heaven, and thus returns, as it were, the light of the stars, which are many of them suns. You cannot pass any one on the street to whom you are not bound by this law. If he falls down, you help to raise him. You do your best to relieve him, and get him home ; and let me tell you, to your great gain and honor, the poor are far more ready and better at this sort of work than the gentlemen and ladies. You do far more for each other than they do. You will share your last loaf ; you will sit up night after night with a neighbor you know nothing about, just because he is your neighbor, and you know what it is to be neighbor-like. You are more natural and less selfish than the fine folks. I don't say you are better, neither do I say you are worse ; that would be a foolish and often mischievous way of speaking. We have all virtues and vices and advantages peculiar to our condition. You know the queer old couplet, —

“Them what is rich, them rides in chaises ;  
Them what is poor, them walks like blazes.”

If you were well, and not in a hurry, and it were cold, would you not much rather “walk like blazes” than ride listless in your chaise ? But this I know, for I have seen it, that according to their means, the poor bear one another's burdens far more than the rich.

There are many reasons for this, outside of your-

selves, and there is no need of your being proud of it or indeed of anything else; but it is something to be thankful for, in the midst of all your hardships, that you in this have more of the power and of the luxury of doing immediate, visible good. You pay this debt in ready-money, as you do your meal and your milk; at least you have very short credit, and the shorter the better. Now, the Doctor has his duties to you, and it is well that he should know them, and that you should know them too; for it will be long before you and he can do without each other. You keep each other alive. Disease, accidents, pain, and death reign everywhere, and we call one another *mortals*, as if our chief peculiarity was that we must die, and you all know how death came into this world. "By one man sin entered the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned"; and disease, disorder, and distress are the fruits of sin, as truly as that apple grew on that forbidden tree. You have nowadays all sorts of schemes for making bad men good, and good men better. The world is full of such schemes, some of them wise and some foolish; but to be wise they must all go on the principle of lessening misery by lessening *sin*; so that the old weaver at Kilmarnock, who at a meeting for abolishing slavery, the corn laws, and a few more things, said, "Mr. Preses, I move that we abolish Original Sin," was at least

beginning at the right end. Only fancy what a world it would be, what a family any of ours would be, when everybody did everything that was right, and nothing that was wrong, say for a week ! The world would not know itself. It would be inclined to say with the "wee bit wifiekie," though reversing the cause, "This is no me." I am not going to say more on this point. It is not my parish. But you need none of you be long ignorant of who it is who has abolished death, and therefore vanquished sin.

Well, then, it is the duty of the Doctor in the first place, to *cure us* ; in the second, to be *kind to us* ; in the third, to be *true to us* ; in the fourth, to keep *our secrets* ; in the fifth, to *warn us*, and, best of all, to *forewarn us* ; in the sixth, to be *grateful to us* ; and, in the last, to *keep his time and his temper*.

And, *first*, it is the duty of the Doctor to *cure* you, — if he can. That is what we call him in for ; and a doctor, be he never so clever and delightful, who does n't cure, is like a mole-catcher who can't catch moles, or a watchmaker who can do everything but make your watch go. Old Dr. Pringle of Perth, when preaching in the country, found his shoes needed mending, and he asked the brother whom he was assisting to tell him of good cobbler, or as he called him, a *snab*. His friend mentioned a "Thomas Rattray, a godly man, and an elder." "But,"



said Dr. Pringle, in his snell way, "can he mend my shoon? that's what I want; I want a shoemaker; I'm not wanting an elder." It turned out that Tammias was a better elder than a shoemaker. A doctor was once attending a poor woman in labor; it was a desperate case, requiring a cool head and a firm will; the good man — for he *was* good — had neither of these, and, losing his presence of mind, gave up the poor woman as lost, and retired into the next room to pray for her. Another doctor, who, perhaps, wanted what the first one had, and certainly had what he wanted, brains and courage, meanwhile arrived, and called out, "Where is Doctor ——?" "O, he has gone into the next room to pray!" "Pray! tell him to come here this moment, and help me; he can work and pray too"; and with his assistance the snell doctor saved that woman's life. This, then, is the Doctor's first duty to you, — to cure you, — and for this he must, in the first place, be up to his business; he must know what to do, and, secondly, he must be able to do it; he must not merely do as a pointer dog does, stand and say, "There it is," and no more, he must point and shoot too. And let me tell you, moreover, that unless a man likes what he is at, and is in earnest, and sticks to it, he will no more make a good doctor than a good anything else. Doctoring is not only a way for a man to do good by curing disease, and to get money to himself for doing this, but it is

also a study which interests for itself alone, like geology, or any other science ; and moreover it is a way to fame and the glory of the world ; all these four things act upon the mind of the Doctor, but unless the first one is uppermost, his patient will come off second-best with him ; he is not the man for your lives or for your money.

They tell a story, which may not be word for word true, but it has truth and a great principle in it, as all good stories have. It is told of one of our clever friends, the French, who are so knowing in everything. A great French doctor was taking an English one round the wards of his hospital ; all sort of miseries going on before them, some dying, others longing for death, all ill ; the Frenchman was wonderfully eloquent about all their diseases, you would have thought he saw through them, and knew all their secret wheels like looking into a watch or into a glass beehive. He told his English friend what would be seen in such a case, *when the body was opened* ! He spent some time in this sort of work, and was coming out, full of glee, when the other doctor said : “ But, Doctor ——, you have n’t *prescribed* for these cases.” “ O, neither I have ! ” said he, with a grumph and a shrug ; “ I quite forgot *that* ” ; that being the one thing why these poor people were there, and why he was there too. Another story of a Frenchman, though I dare say we could tell it of ourselves. He was a great proës-

sor, and gave a powerful poison as a medicine for an ugly disease of the skin. He carried it very far, so as to weaken the poor fellow, who died, just as the last vestige of the skin disease died too. On looking at the dead body, quite smooth and white, and also quite dead, he said, "Ah, never mind, he was *dead cured*."

So let me advise you, as, indeed, your good sense will advise yourselves, to test a Doctor by this: Is he in earnest? Does he speak little and do much? Does he make your case his first care? He may, after that, speak of the weather, or the money-market; he may gossip, and even *haver*; or he may drop, quietly and shortly, some "good words," — the fewer the better; something that causes you to think and feel; and may teach you to be more of the Publican than of the Pharisee, in that story you know of, when they two went up to the temple to pray; but, generally speaking, the Doctor should, like the rest of us, stick to his trade and mind his business.

*Secondly*, It is the Doctor's duty to be *kind* to you. I mean by this, not only to speak kindly, but to *be* kind, which includes this and a great deal more, though a kind word, as well as a merry heart, does good like a medicine. Cheerfulness, or rather cheeriness, is a great thing in a Doctor; his very foot should have "music in 't, when he comes up the stair." The Doctor should never lose his power of

pitying pain, and letting his patient see this and feel it. Some men, and they are often the best at their proper work, can let their hearts come out only through their eyes; but it is not the less sincere, and to the point; you can make your mouth say what is not true; you can't do quite so much with your eyes. A Doctor's eye should command, as well as comfort and cheer his patient; he should never let him think disobedience or despair possible. Perhaps you think Doctors get hardened by seeing so much suffering; this is not true. Pity as a motive, as well as a feeling ending in itself, is stronger in an old Doctor than in a young, so he be made of the right stuff. He comes to know himself what pain and sorrow mean, what their weight is, and how grateful he was or is for relief and sympathy.

*Thirdly*, It is his duty to be *true* to you. True in word and in deed. He ought to speak nothing but the truth, as to the nature, and extent, and issues of the disease he is treating; but he is not bound, as I said you were, to tell *the whole truth*, — that is for his own wisdom and discretion to judge of; only, never let him tell an untruth, and let him be honest enough, when he can't say anything definite, to say nothing. It requires some courage to confess our ignorance, but it is worth it. As to the question, often spoken of, — telling a man he is dying, — the Doctor must, in the first

place, be sure the patient *is* dying ; and, secondly, that it is for his good, bodily and mental, to tell him so : he should almost always warn the friends, but, even here, cautiously.

*Fourthly*, It is his duty to *keep your secrets*. There are things a Doctor comes to know and is told which no one but he and the Judge of all should know ; and he is a base man, and unworthy to be in such a noble profession as that of healing, who can betray what he knows must injure, and in some cases may ruin.

*Fifthly*, It is his duty to *warn* you against what is injuring your health. If he finds his patient has brought disease upon himself by sin, by drink, by overwork, by over-eating, by over-anything, it is his duty to say so plainly and firmly, and the same with regard to the treatment of children by their parents ; the family doctor should forewarn them ; he should explain, as far as he is able and they can comprehend them, the Laws of Health, and so tell them how to *prevent* disease, as well as do his best to *cure* it. What a great and rich field there is here for our profession, if they and the public could only work well together ! In this, those queer, half-daft, half-wise beings, the Chinese, take a wiser way ; they pay their Doctor for keeping them well, and they stop his pay as long as they are ill !

*Sixthly*, It is his duty to be *grateful* to you ; 1st, for employing him, whether you pay him in

money or not, for a Doctor, worth being one, makes capital, makes knowledge, and therefore power, out of every case he has ; 2dly, for obeying him and getting better. I am always very much obliged to my patients for being so kind as to be better, and for saying so ; for many are ready enough to say they are worse, not so many to say they are better, even when they are ; and you know our Scotch way of saying, " I 'm no that ill," when " I " is in high health, or, " I 'm no ony waur," when " I " is much better. Don't be niggards in this ; it cheers the Doctor's heart, and it will lighten yours.

*Seventhly*, and lastly, It is the Doctor's duty to keep his time and his temper with you. Any man or woman who knows how longed for a doctor's visit is, and counts on it to a minute, knows how wrong, how painful, how angering it is for the Doctor not to keep his time. Many things may occur, for his urgent cases are often sudden, to put him out of his reckoning ; but it is wonderful what method, and real consideration, and a strong will can do in this way. I never found Dr. Abercrombie a minute after or *before* his time (both are bad, though one is the worser), and yet if I wanted him in a hurry, and stopped his carriage in the street, he could always go with me at once ; he had the knack and the principle of being true in his times, for it is often a matter of *truth*. And the Doctor

must keep his *temper*: this is often worse to manage than even his time, there is so much unreason, and ingratitude, and peevishness, and impertinence, and impatience, that it is very hard to keep one's tongue and eye from being angry: and sometimes the Doctor does not only well, but the best, when he is downrightly angry, and astonishes some fool, or some insolent, or some untruth doing or saying patient; but the Doctor should be patient with his patients, he should bear with them, knowing how much they are at the moment suffering. Let us remember Him who is full of compassion, whose compassion never fails; whose tender mercies are new to us every morning, as his faithfulness is every night; who healed all manner of diseases, and was kind to the unthankful and the evil; what would become of us, if he were as impatient with us as we often are with each other? If you want to be impressed with the Almighty's infinite loving-kindness and tender mercy, his forbearance, his long-suffering patience, his slowness to anger, his Divine ingeniousness in trying to find it possible to spare and save, think of the Israelites in the desert, and read the chapter where Abraham intercedes with God for Sodom, and these wonderful "per-adventures."

But I am getting tedious, and keeping you and myself too long, so good night. Let the Doctor and you be honest and grateful, and kind and cor-

dial, in one word, dutiful to each other, and you will each be the better of the other.

I may by and by say a word or two to you on your *Health*, which is your wealth, that by which you are and do well, and on your *Children*, and how to guide it and them.







### SERMON III.

#### CHILDREN, AND HOW TO GUIDE THEM.



OUR text at this time is Children and their treatment, or as it sounds better to our ears, Bairns, and how to guide them. You all know the wonder and astonishment there is in a house amoung its small people when a baby is born; how they stare at the new arrival with its red face. Where does it come from? Some tell them it comes from the garden, from a certain kind of cabbage; some from "Rob Rorison's bonnet," of which wha hasna heard? some from that famous wig of Charlie's, in which the cat kittled, when there was three o' them leevin', and three o' them dead; and you know the Doctor is often said to bring the new baby in his pocket; and many a time have my pockets been slyly examined by the curious youngsters, — especially the girls! — in hopes of finding another baby. But I'll tell you where all the babies come from; *they all come from*

*God*; his hand made and fashioned them; he breathed into their nostrils the breath of life, — of his life. He said, "Let this little child be," and it was. A child is a true creation; its soul, certainly, and in a true sense, its body too. And as our children came from him, so they are going back to him, and he lends them to us as keepsakes; we are to keep and care for them for his sake. What a strange and sacred thought this is! Children are God's gifts to us, and it depends on our guiding of them, not only whether they are happy here, but whether they are happy hereafter in that great unchangeable eternity, into which you and I and all of us are fast going. I once asked a little girl, "Who made you?" and she said, holding up her apron as a measure, "God make me that length, and I grewed the rest myself." Now this, as you know, was not quite true, for she could not grow one half-inch by herself. God makes us grow as well as makes us at first. But what I want you to fix in your minds is, that children come from God, and are returning to him, and that you and I, who are parents, have to answer to him for the way we behave to our dear children, — the kind of care we take of them.

Now, a child consists, like ourselves, of a body and a soul. I am not going to say much about the guiding of the souls of children, — that is a little out of my line, — but I may tell you that the soul,

especially in children, depends much, for its good and for its evil, for its happiness or its misery, upon the kind of body it lives in: for the body is just the house that the soul dwells in; and you know that, if a house be uncomfortable, the tenant of it will be uncomfortable and out of sorts; if its windows let the rain and wind in, if the chimney smoke, if the house be damp, and if there be a want of good air, then the people who live in it will be miserable enough; and if they have no coals, and no water, and no meat, and no beds, then you may be sure it will soon be left by its inhabitants. And so, if you don't do all you can to make your children's bodies healthy and happy, their souls will get miserable and cankered and useless, their tempers peevish; and if you don't feed and clothe them right, then their poor little souls will leave their ill-used bodies, — will be starved out of them; and many a man and woman have had their tempers, and their minds and hearts, made miseries to themselves, and all about them, just from a want of care of their bodies when children.

There is something very sad, and, in a true sense, very unnatural, in an unhappy child. You and I, grown-up people, who have cares, and have had sorrows and difficulties and sins, may well be dull and sad sometimes; it would be still sadder, if we were not often so; but children should be always either laughing and playing, or eating and sleeping. Play is

their business. You cannot think how much useful knowledge, and how much valuable bodily exercise, a child teaches itself in its play; and look how merry the young of other animals are: the kitten making fun of everything, even of its sedate mother's tail and whiskers; the lambs, running races in their mirth; even the young asses, — the baby-cuddie, — how pawky and droll and happy he looks with his fuzzy head, and his laughing eyes, and his long legs, stot, stotting after that venerable and *sair hauden-down* lady, with the long ears, his mother. One thing I like to see, is a child clean in the morning. I like to see its plump little body well washed, and sweet and *caller* from top to bottom, But there is another thing I like to see, and that is a child dirty at night. I like a *steerin' bairn*, — goo-gooin', crowing and kicking, keeping everybody alive. Do you rembember William Miller's song of "Wee Willie Winkie?" Here it is. I think you will allow, especially you who are mothers, that it is capital.

"Wee Willie Winkie  
Rins through the toun,  
Up stairs an' doon stairs  
In his nicht-goun,  
Tirlin' at the window,  
Crying at the lock,  
'Are the weans in their bed,  
For it's noo ten o'clock?"

"Hey Willie Winkie,  
Are ye comin' ben!"

The cat's singin' gray thrums  
To the sleepin' hen,  
The dog's speldert on the floor,  
And disna gi'e a cheep,  
But here's a waakrife laddie !  
That winna fa' asleep.'

" 'Anything but sleep, you rogue !  
Glow'in' like the moon !  
Rattlin' in an airn jug  
Wi' an airn spoon,  
Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about,  
Crawin' like a cock,  
Skirlin' like a kenna-what,  
Wauk'nin' sleepin' folk.

" 'Hey, Willie Winkie,  
The wean's in a creel !  
Wamblin' aff a bodie's knee  
Like a verra eel,  
Ruggin' at the cat's lug,  
And ravelin' a' her thrums, —  
Hey, Willie Winkie, —  
See, there he comes !'

" 'Wearied is the mither  
That has a stoorie wean,  
A wee stumpie stousie,  
Wha canna rin his lane,  
That has a battle aye wi' sleep  
Afore he'll close an e'e, —  
But ae kiss frae aff his rosy lips  
Gi'es strength anew to me."

Is not this good ? first-rate ! The cat singin' gray thrums, and the wee stumpie stousie, ruggin' at her lug, and ravlin' a' her thrums : and then

what a din he is making ! — rattlit' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon, skirlin' like a kenna-what, and ha'in' a battle aye wi' sleep. What a picture of a healthy and happy child !

Now, I know how hard it is for many of you to get meat for your children, and clothes for them, and bed and bedding for them at night, and I know how you have to struggle for yourselves and them, and how difficult it often is for you to take all the care you would like to do of them, and you will believe me when I say, that it is a far greater thing, because a far harder thing, for a poor, struggling, and it may be weakly woman in your station, to bring up her children comfortably, than for those who are richer ; but still you may do a great deal of good at little cost either of money or time or trouble. And it is well-warded pains ; it will bring you in two hundred per cent in real comfort, and profit, and credit ; and so you will, I am sure, listen good-naturedly to me, when I go over some plain and simple things about the health of your children.

To begin with their *heads*. You know the head contains the brain, which is the king of the body, and commands all under him ; and it depends on his being good or bad whether his subjects, — the legs, and arms, and body, and stomach, and our old friends the bowels, are in good order and happy, or not. Now, first of all, keep the head cool. Nature has given it a nightcap of her own in the hair, and it

is the best. And keep the head clean. Give it a good scouring every Saturday night at the least ; and if it get sore and scabbit, the best thing I know for it is to wash it with soft soap (black soap), and put a big cabbage-blade on it every night. Then for the *lungs*, or *lights*, — the bellows that keep the fire of life burning, — they are very busy in children, because a child is not like grown-up folk, merely keeping itself up. It is doing this, and growing too ; and so it eats more, and sleeps more, and breathes more in proportion than big folk. And to carry on all this business it must have fresh air, and lots of it. So, whenever it can be managed, a child should have a good while every day in the open air, and should have well-aired places to sleep in. Then for their *nicht-gowns*, the best are long flannel gowns ; and children should be always more warmly clad than grown-up people, — cold kills them more easily. Then there is the *stomach*, and as this is the kitchen and great manufactory, it is almost always the first thing that goes wrong in children, and generally as much from too much being put in, as from its food being of an injurious kind. A baby, for nine months after it is born, should have almost nothing but its mother's milk. This is God's food, and it is the best and the cheapest, too. If the baby be healthy it should be weaned or spained at nine or ten months ; and this should be done gradually, giving the baby a little gruel, or

new milk, and water and sugar, or thin bread-berry once a day for some time, so as gradually to wean it. This makes it easier for mother as well as baby. No child should get meat or hard things till it gets teeth to chew them, and no baby should ever get a drop of whiskey, or any strong drink, unless by the Doctor's orders. Whiskey, to the soft, tender stomach of an infant, is like vitriol to ours; it is a burning poison to its dear little body, as it may be a burning poison and a curse to its never-dying soul. As you value your children's health of body, and the salvation of their souls, never give them a drop of whiskey; and let mothers, above all others, beware of drinking when nursing. The whiskey passes from their stomachs into their milk, and poisons their own child. This is a positive fact. And think of a drunk woman carrying and managing a child! I was once, many years ago, walking in Lothian Street, when I saw a woman staggering along very drunk. She was carrying a child; it was lying over her shoulder. I saw it slip, slippin' farther and farther back. I ran, and cried out; but before I could get up, the poor little thing, smiling over its miserable mother's shoulder, fell down, like a stone, on its head on the pavement; it gave a gasp, and turned up its blue eyes, and had a convulsion, and its soul was away to God, and its little soft, waefu' body lying dead, and its idiotic mother grinning and staggering over it, half seeing the dreadful truth, then for-



getting it, and cursing and swearing. That was a sight ! so much misery, and wickedness, and ruin. It was the young woman's only child. When she came to herself, she became mad, and is to this day a drivelling idiot, and goes about forever seeking for her child, and cursing the woman who killed it. This is a true tale, too true.

There is another practice which I must notice, and that is giving children laudanum to make them sleep, and keep them quiet, and for coughs and windy pains. Now, this is a most dangerous thing. I have often been called in to see children who were dying, and who did die, from laudanum given in this way. I have known four drops to kill a child a month old ; and ten drops one a year old. The best rule, and one you should stick to, as under God's eye as well as the law's, is, never to give laudanum without a Doctor's line or order. And when on this subject, I would also say a word about the use of opium and laudanum among yourselves. I know this is far commoner among the poor in Edinburgh than is thought. But I assure you, from much experience, that the drunkenness and stupefaction from the use of laudanum is even worse than that from whiskey. The one poisons and makes mad the body ; the other, the laudanum, poisons the mind, and makes it like an idiot's. So, in both matters beware ; death is in the cup, murder is in the cup, and poverty and the workhouse,

and the gallows, and an awful future of pain and misery, — all are in the cap. These are the wages the Devil pays his servants with for doing his work.

But to go back to the bairns. At first a word on our old friends, the bowels. Let them alone as much as you can. They will put themselves and keep themselves right, if you take care to prevent wrong things going into the stomach. No sour apples, or raw turnips or carrots; no sweeties or tarts, and all that kind of abomination; no tea, to draw the sides of their tender little stomachs together; no whiskey, to kill their digestion; no *Gundy*, or *Taffy*, or *Lick*, or *Black Man*, or *Jib*; the less sugar and sweet things the better; the more milk and butter and fat the better; but plenty of plain, halesome food, parritch and milk, bread and butter, potatoes and milk, good broth, — kail as we call it. You often hear of the wonders of cod-liver oil, and they are wonders; poor little wretches who have faces like old puggies,' and are all belly and no legs, and are screaming all day and all night too, — these poor little wretches under the cod-liver oil, get sonsy, and rosy, and fat, and happy, and strong. Now, this is greatly because the cod-liver oil is capital *food*. If you can't afford to get cod-liver oil for delicate children, or if they reject it, give them plain olive oil, a tablespoonful twice a day, and take one to yourself, and you will be astonished how you will both of you thrive.

SOME folk will tell you that children's feet should be always kept warm. I say no. No healthy child's feet are warm; but the great thing is to keep the body warm. That is like keeping the fire good, and the room will be warm. The chest, the breast, is the place where the fire of the body, — the heating apparatus, — is, and if you keep it warm, and give *it* plenty of fuel, which is fresh air and good food, you need not mind about the feetikins, they will mind themselves; indeed, for my own part, I am so ungenteel as to think bare feet and bare legs in summer the most comfortable wear, costing much less than leather and worsted, the only kind of soles that are always fresh. As to the moral training of children, I need scarcely speak to you. What people want about these things is, not knowledge, but the will to do what is right, — what they know to be right, and the moral power to do it.

Whatever you wish your child to be, be it yourself. If you wish it to be happy, healthy, sober, truthful, affectionate, honest, and godly, be yourself all these. If you wish it to be lazy and sulky, and a liar, and a thief, and a drunkard, and a swearer, be yourself all these. As the old cock crows, the young cock learns. You will remember who said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." And you may, as a general rule, as soon expect to gather grapes from thorns, and figs from thistles, as get

good, healthy, happy children from diseased and lazy and wicked parents.

Let me put you in mind, seriously, of one thing that you ought to get done to all your children, and that is, to have them vaccinated, or inoculated with the cow-pock. The best time for this is two months after birth, but better late than never, and in these times you need never have any excuse for its not being done. You have only to take your children to the Old or the New Town Dispensaries. It is a real crime, I think, in parents to neglect this. It is cruel to their child, and it is a crime to the public. If every child in the world were vaccinated, which might be managed in few years, that loathsome and deadly disease, the small-pox, would disappear from the face of the earth; but many people are so stupid, and so lazy, and so prejudiced, as to neglect this plain duty, till they find to their cost that it is too late. So promise me, all seriously in your hearts, to see to this if it is not done already, and see to it immediately.

Be always frank and open with your children. Make them trust you and tell you all their secrets. Make them feel at ease with you, and make *free* with them. There is no such good plaything for grown-up children like you and me as *weans*, wee ones. It is wonderful what you can get them to do with a little coaxing and fun. You all know this as well as I do, and you all practise it every day in your

own families. Here is a pleasant little story out of an old book. "A gentleman having led a company of children beyond their usual journey, they began to get weary, and all cried to him to carry them on his back, but because of their multitude he could not do this. 'But,' says he, 'I'll get horses for us all'; then cutting little wands out of the hedge as ponies for them, and a great stake as a charger for himself, this put mettle in their little legs, and they rode cheerily home." So much for a bit of ingenious fun.

One thing, however poor you are, you can give your children, and that is your prayers, and they are, if real and humble, worth more than silver or gold, — more than food and clothing, and have often brought from our Father who is in heaven, and hears our prayers, both money and meat and clothes, and all worldly good things. And there is one thing you can always teach your child; you may not yourself know how to read or write, and therefore you may not be able to teach your children how to do these things; you may not know the names of the stars or their geography, and may therefore not be able to tell them how far you are from the sun, or how big the moon is; nor be able to tell them the way to Jerusalem or Australia, but you may always be able to tell them who made the stars and numbered them, and you may tell them the road to heaven. You may always teach them to

pray. Some weeks ago, I was taken out to see the mother of a little child. She was very dangerously ill, and the nurse had left the child to come and help me. I went up to the nursery to get some hot water, and in the child's bed I saw something raised up. This was the little fellow under the bedclothes kneeling. I said, "What are you doing?" "I am praying God to make mamma better," said he. God likes these little prayers and these little people, — for of such is the kingdom of heaven. These are his little ones, his lambs, and he hears their cry; and it is enough if they only lisp their prayers. "Abba, Father," is all he needs; and our prayers are never so truly prayers as when they are most like children's in simplicity, in directness, in perfect fulness of reliance. "They pray right up," as black Uncle Tom says in that wonderful book, which I hope you have all read and wept over.

I forgot to speak about punishing children. I am old-fashioned enough to uphold the ancient practice of warming the young bottoms with some sharpness, if need be; it is a wholesome and capital application, and does good to the bodies, and the souls too, of the little rebels, and it is far less cruel than being sulky, as some parents are, and keeping up a grudge at their children. Warm the bott, say I, and you will warm the heart too; and all goes right.

And now I must end. I have many things I could

say to you, but you have had enough of me and my bairns, I am sure. Go home, and when you see the little curly pows on their pillows, sound asleep, pour out a blessing on them, and ask our Saviour to make them his; and never forget what we began with, that they came from God, and are going back to him, and let the light of eternity fall upon them as they lie asleep, and may you resolve to dedicate them and yourselves to him who died for them and for us all, and who was once himself a little child, and sucked the breasts of a woman, and who said that awful saying, "Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones, it had been better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the midst of the sea."





## SERMON IV.

### HEALTH.

**M**Y DEAR FRIENDS, — I am going to give you a sort of sermon about your health, — and you know a sermon has always a text; so, though I am only a doctor, I mean to take a text for ours, and I will choose it, as our good friends the ministers do, from that best of all books, the Bible. Job ii. 4: "All that a man hath will he give for his life."

This, you know, was said many thousands of years ago by the Devil, when, like a base and impudent fellow, as he always was and is, he came into the presence of the great God, along with the good angels. Here, for once in his life, the Devil spoke the truth and shamed himself.

What he meant, and what I wish you now seriously to consider, is, that a man — you or I — will lose anything sooner than life; we would give everything for it, and part with all the money, everything we had, to keep away death and to lengthen our days.



If you had £500 in a box at home, and knew that you would certainly be dead by to-morrow unless you gave the £500, would you ever make a doubt about what you would do? Not you! And if you were told that if you got drunk, or worked too hard, or took no sort of care of your bodily health, you would turn ill to-morrow and die next week, would you not keep sober, and work more moderately, and be more careful of yourself?

Now, I want to make you believe that you are too apt to do this very same sort of thing in your daily life, only that instead of to-morrow or next week, your illness and your death comes next year, or at any rate, some years sooner than otherwise. *But your death is actually preparing already, and that by your own hands, by your own ignorance, and often by your own foolish and sinful neglect and indulgence.* A decay or rottenness spreads through the beams of a house, unseen and unfear'd, and then, by and by down it comes, and is utterly destroyed. So it is with our bodies. You plant, by sin and neglect and folly, the seeds of disease by your own hands; and as surely as the harvest comes after the seed-time, so will you reap the harvest of pain, and misery, and death. And remember there is nobody to whom health is so valuable, is worth so much, as the poor laboring man; it is his stock-in-trade, his wealth, his capital; his bodily strength and skill are the main things he can make his living

by, and therefore he should take better care of his body and its health than a rich man ; for a rich man may be laid up in his bed for weeks and months, and yet his business may go on, for he has means to pay his men for working under him, or he may be what is called “living on his money.” But if a poor man takes fever, or breaks his leg, or falls into a consumption, his wife and children soon want food and clothes : and many a time do I see on the streets poor, careworn men, dying by inches of consumption, going to and from their work, when, poor fellows, they should be in their beds ; and all this just because they cannot afford to be ill and to lie out of work, — they cannot spare the time and the wages.

Now, don't you think, my dear friends, that it is worth your while to attend to your health ? If you were a carter or a coach-driver, and had a horse, would you not take care to give him plenty of corn, and to keep his stable clean and well aired, and to curry his skin well, and you would not kill him with overwork, for, besides the cruelty, this would be a dead loss to you, — it would be so much out of your pocket ? And don't you see that God has given you your bodies to work with, and to please him with their diligence ; and it is ungrateful to him, as well as unkind and wicked to your family and yourself, to waste your bodily strength, and bring disease and death upon yourselves ? But you will say, “ How

can we make a better of it ? We live from hand to mouth : we can't have fine houses and warm clothes, and rich food and plenty of it." No, I know that ; but if you have not a fine house, you may always have a clean one, and fresh air costs nothing, — God gives it to all his children without stint, — and good plain clothes and meal may now be had cheaper than ever.

Health is a word that you all have some notion of, but you will perhaps have a clearer idea of it when I tell you what the word comes from. Health was long ago *wholth*, and comes from the word *whole* or *hale*. The Bible says, "They that are whole need not a physician" ; that is, healthy people have no need of a doctor. Now, a man is whole when, like a bowl or any vessel, he is entire, and has nothing broken about him ; he is like a watch that goes well, neither too fast nor too slow. But you will perhaps say, "You doctors should be able to put us all to rights, just as a watchmaker can clean and sort a watch ; if you can't, what are you worth ?" But the difference between a man and a watch is, that you must try to mend the man when he is going. You can't stop him and then set him agoing ; and, you know, it would be no joke to a watchmaker, or to the watch, to try and clean it while it was going. But God, who does everything like himself, with his own perfectness, has put inside each of our bodies a Doctor of his own making, — one wiser than

we with all our wisdom. Every one of us has in himself a power of keeping and setting his health right. If a man is overworked, God has ordained that he desires rest, and that rest cures him. If he lives in a damp, close place, free and dry air cures him. If he eats too much, fasting cures him. If his skin is dirty, a good scrubbing and a bit of yellow soap will put him all to rights.

What we call disease or sickness is the opposite of health, and it comes on us, — 1st. By descent from our parents. It is one of the surest of all legacies; if a man's father and mother are diseased, naturally or artificially, he will have much chance to be as bad, or worse. 2dly. Hard work brings on disease, and some kinds of work more than others. Masons who hew often fall into consumption; laborers get rheumatism, or what you call "the pains"; painters get what is called their colic, from the lead in the paint, and so on. In a world like ours, this set of causes of disease and ill health cannot be altogether got the better of; and it was God's command, after Adam's sin, that men should toil and sweat for their daily bread; but more than the half of the bad effects of hard work and dangerous employments might be prevented by a little plain knowledge, attention, and common sense. 3dly. Sin, wickedness, foolish and excessive pleasures, are a great cause of disease. Thousands die from drinking, and from following other evil courses. There

is no life so hard, none in which the poor body comes so badly off, and is made so miserable, as the life of a drunkard or a dissolute man. I need hardly tell you, that this cause of death and disease you can all avoid. I don't say it is easy for any man in your circumstances to keep from sin; he is a foolish or ignorant man who says so, and that there are no temptations to drinking. You are much less to blame for doing this than people who are better off; but you CAN keep from drinking, and you know as well as I do, how much better and happier, and healthier and richer and more respectable you will be if you do so. 4thly and lastly. Disease and death are often brought on from ignorance, from not knowing what are called the *laws of health*,—those easy, plain, common things which, if you do, you will live long, and which, if you do not do, you will die soon.

Now, I would like to make a few simple statements about this to you; and I will take the body bit by bit, and tell you some things that you should know and do in order to keep this wonderful house that your soul lives in, and by the deeds done in which you will one day be judged, — and which is God's gift and God's handiwork, — clean and comfortable, hale, strong, and hearty; for you know that, besides doing good to ourselves and our family and our neighbors with our bodily labor, we are told that we should glorify God in our bodies as well as

in our souls; for they are his, more his than ours, — he has bought them by the blood of his Son Jesus Christ. We are not our own, we are bought with a price; therefore ought we to glorify God with our souls and with our bodies, which are his.

Now, first, for *the skin*. You should take great care of it, for on its health a great deal depends; keep it clean, keep it warm, keep it dry, give it air; have a regular scrubbing of all your body every Saturday night; and, if you can manage it, you should every morning wash not only your face, but your throat and breast, with cold water, and rub yourself quite dry with a hard towel till you glow all over. You should keep your hair short if you are men; it saves you a great deal of trouble and dirt.

Then, the inside of your *head*, — you know what is inside your head, — your brain; you know how useful it is to you. The cleverest pair of hands among you would be of little use without brains: they would be like a body without a soul, a watch with the mainspring broken. Now, you should consider what is best for keeping the brain in good trim. One thing of great consequence is *regular sleep, and plenty of it*. Every man should have at the least eight hours in his bed every four-and-twenty hours, and let him sleep all the time if he can; but even if he lies awake it is a rest to his

wearied brain, as well as to his wearied legs and arms. *Sleep is the food of the brain.* Men may go mad and get silly, if they go long without sleep. Too much sleep is bad; but I need hardly warn you against that, or against too much meat. You are in no great danger from these.

Then, again, whiskey and all kinds of intoxicating liquors in excess are just so much poison to the brain. I need not say much about this, you all know it; and we all know what dreadful things happen when a man poisons his brain and makes it mad, and like a wild beast with drink; he may murder his wife, or his child, and when he comes to himself he knows nothing of how he did it, only the terrible thing is certain, that he *did* do it, and that he may be hanged for doing something when he was mad, and which he never dreamt of doing when in his senses; but then he knows that he made himself mad, and he must take all the wretched and tremendous consequences.

From the brains we go to the *lungs*, — you know where they are, — they are what the butchers call the *lights*; here they are, they are the bellows that keep the fire of life going; for you must know that a clever German philosopher has made out that we are all really burning, — that our bodies are warmed by a sort of burning or combustion, as it is called, — and fed by breath and food, as a fire is fed with coals and air.

Now the great thing for the lungs is plenty of fresh air, and plenty of room to play in. About seventy thousand people die every year in Britain from that disease of the lungs called consumption,—that is, nearly half the number of people in the city of Edinburgh; and it is certain that more than the half of these deaths could be prevented if the lungs had fair play. So you should always try to get your houses well ventilated, that means to let the air be often changed, and free from impure mixtures; and you should avoid crowding many into one room, and be careful to keep everything clean, and put away all filth; for filth is not only disgusting to the eye and the nose, but is dangerous to the health. I have seen a great deal of cholera, and been surrounded by dying people, who were beyond any help from doctors, and I have always found that where the air was bad, the rooms ill ventilated, cleanliness neglected, and drunkenness prevailed, there this terrible scourge, which God sends upon us, was most terrible, most rapidly and widely destructive. Believe this, and go home and consider well what I now say, for you may be sure it is true.

Now we come to the *heart*. You all know where it is. It is the most wonderful little pump in the world. There is no steam-engine half so clever at its work, or so strong. There it is in every one of us, beat, beating,—all day and all night, year



after year, never stopping, like a watch ticking; only it never needs to be wound up, — God winds it up once for all. It depends for its health on the state of the rest of the body, especially the brains and lungs. But all violent passions, all irregularities of living, damage it. Exposure to cold when drunk, falling asleep, as many poor wretches do, in stairs all night, — this often brings on disease of the heart; and you know it is not only dangerous to have anything the matter with the heart, it is the commonest of all causes of sudden death. It gives no warning; you drop down dead in a moment. So we may say of the bodily as well as of the moral organ, “Keep your heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.”

We now come to the *stomach*. You all know, I dare say, where it lies! It speaks for itself. Our friends in England are very respectful to their stomachs. They make a great deal of them, and we make too little. If an Englishman is ill, all the trouble is in his stomach; if an Irishman is ill, it is in his heart, and he’s “kilt entirely”; and if a Scotsman, it is in his “head”. Now, I wish I saw Scots men and women as nice and particular about their stomachs, or rather about what they put into them, as their friends in England. Indeed, so much does your genuine John Bull depend on his stomach, and its satisfaction, that we may put in his mouth the stout old lines of Prior: —

“The plainest man alive may tell ye  
The seat of empire is the Belly:  
From hence are sent out those supplies,  
Which make us either stout or wise;  
The strength of every other member  
Is founded on your Belly-timber;  
The qualms or raptures of your blood  
Rise in proportion to your food,  
Your stomach makes your fabric roll,  
Just as the bias rules the bowl:  
That great Achilles might employ  
The strength designed to ruin Troy,  
He dined on lions’ marrow, spread  
On toasts of ammunition bread;  
But by his mother sent away,  
Amongst the Thracian girls to play,  
Effeminate he sat and quiet;  
Strange product of a cheese-cake diet.  
Observe the various operations,  
Of food and drink in several nations.  
Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel,  
Upon the strength of water-gruel?  
But who shall stand his rage and force,  
If first he rides, then eats his horse!  
Salads and eggs, and lighter fare,  
Turn the Italian spark’s guitar;  
And if I take Dan Congreve right,  
Pudding and beef make Britons fight.”

Good cooking is the beauty of a dinner. It really does a man as much good again if he eats his food with a relish, and with a little attention, it is as easy to cook well as ill. And let me tell the wives, that your husbands would like you all the better, and be less likely to go off to the public-

house, if their bit of meat or their drop of broth were well cooked. Laboring men should eat well. They should, if possible, have meat — *butcher-meat* — ever day. Good broth is a capital dish. But, above all, keep whiskey out of your stomachs; it really plays the very devil when it gets in. It makes the brain mad, it burns the coats of the stomach; it turns the liver into a lump of rottenness; it softens and kills the heart; it makes a man an idiot and a brute. If you really need anything stronger than good meat, take a pot of wholesome porter or ale; but I believe you are better without even that. You will be all the better able to afford good meat, and plenty of it.

With regard to your *bowels*, — a very important part of your interior, — I am not going to say much, except that neglect of them brings on many diseases; and laboring men are very apt to neglect them. Many years ago, an odd old man, at Green-cock, left at his death a number of sealed packets to his friends, and on opening them they found a Bible, £ 50, and a box of pills, and the words, “Fear God, and keep your bowels open.” It was good advice, though it might have been rather more decorously worded. If you were a doctor, you would be astonished how many violent diseases of the mind, as well as of the body, are produced by irregularity of the bowels. Many years ago, an old minister, near Linlithgow, was wakened out of his sleep to go to

see a great lady in the neighborhood who was thought dying, and whose mind was in dreadful despair, and who wished to see him immediately. The old man, rubbing his eyes, and pushing up his Kilmarnock nightcap, said, "And when were her leddyship's boocls opened?" And finding, after some inquiry, that they were greatly in arrears, "I thocht sae. Rax me ower that pill-box on the chimney-piece, and gie my compliments to Liddy Margret, and tell her to tak thae twa pills, and I'll be ower by and by mysel'." They did as he bade them. They did their duty, and the pills did theirs, and her leddyship was relieved, and she was able at breakfast-time to profit by the Christian advice of the good old man, which she could not have done when her nerves were all wrong. The old Greeks, who were always seeking after wisdom, and didn't always find it, showed their knowledge and sense in calling depression of mind Melancholy, which means black bile. Liddy Margret's liver, I have no doubt, had been distilling this perilous stuff.

My dear friends, there is one thing I have forgot to mention, and that is about keeping common-stairs clean; you know they are often abominably filthy, and they aggravate fever, and many of your worst and most deadly diseases; for you may keep your own houses never so clean and tidy, but if the common-stair is not kept clean too, all its foul air comes

into your rooms, and into your lungs, and poisons you. So let all in the stair resolve to keep it clean, and well aired.

But I must stop now. I fear I have wearied you. You see I had nothing new to tell you. The great thing in regulating and benefiting human life, is not to find out new things, but to make the best of the old things, — to live according to Nature, and the will of Nature's God, — that great Being who bids us call him our Father, and who is at this very moment regarding each one of us with far more than any earthly father's compassion and kindness, and who would make us all happy if we would but do his bidding, and take his road. He has given us minds by which we may observe the laws he has ordained in our bodies, and which are as regular and as certain in their effects, and as discoverable by us as the motions of the sun, moon, and stars in the heavens; and we shall not only benefit ourselves and live longer and work better and be happier, by knowing and obeying these laws, from love to ourselves, but we shall please him, we shall glorify him, and make him our *Friend*, — only think of that! and get his blessing, by taking care of our health, from love to him, and a regard to his will, in giving us these bodies of ours to serve him with, and which he has, with his own almighty hands, so fearfully and wonderfully made.

I hope you will pardon my plainness in speaking

to you. I am quite in earnest, and I have a deep regard, I may say a real affection, for you; for I know you well. I spent many of my early years as a doctor in going about among you. I have attended you long ago when ill; I have delivered your wives, and been in your houses when death was busy with you and yours, and I have seen your fortitude, energy, and honest, hearty, generous kindness to each other; your readiness to help your neighbors with anything you have, and to share your last sixpence and your last loaf with them. I wish I saw half as much real neighborliness and sympathy among what are called your betters. If a poor man falls down in a fit on the street, who is it that takes him up and carries him home, and gives him what he needs? it is not the man with a fine coat and gloves on, — it is the poor, dirty-coated, hard-handed, warm-hearted laboring man.

Keep a good hold of all these homely and sturdy virtues, and add to them temperance and diligence, cleanliness and thrift, good knowledge, and, above all, the love and the fear of God, and you will not only be happy yourselves, but you will make this great and wonderful country of ours which rests upon you still more wonderful and great.



## SERMON V.

### MEDICAL ODDS AND ENDS.

**M**Y DEAR FRIENDS, — We are going to ring in now, and end our course. I will be sorry and glad, and you will be the same. We are this about everything. It is the proportion that settles it. I am, upon the whole, as we say, sorry, and I dare say on the whole you are not glad. I dislike parting with anything or anybody I like, for it is ten to one if we meet again.

My text is, "*That His way may be known upon earth; His saving health to all nations.*" You will find it in that perfect little Psalm, the 67th. But before taking it up, I will, as my dear father used to say, — you all remember him, his keen eye and voice; his white hair, and his grave, earnest, penetrating look; and you should remember and possess his Canon-gate Sermon to you, — "The Bible, what it is, what it does, and what it deserves," — well, he used to say, let us *recapitulate* a little. It is a long and rather kittle word, but it is the only one that we have. He made it longer, but not less alive, by turning it into

“a few recapitulatory remarks.” What ground then have we travelled over? *First*, our duties to and about the Doctor; to call him in time, to trust him, to obey him, to be grateful to, and to pay him with our money and our hearts and our good word, if we have all these; if we have not the first, with twice as much of the others. *Second*, the Doctor’s duties to us. He should be able and willing to cure us. That is what he is there for. He should be sincere, attentive, and tender to us, keeping his time and our secrets. We must tell him all we know about our ailments and their causes, and he must tell us all that is good for us to know, and no more. *Third*, your duties to your children; to the wee Willie Winkies and the little wifies that come toddlin’ hame. It is your duty to *mind* them. It is a capital Scotch use of this word: they are to be in your mind; you are to exercise your understanding about them; to give them simple food; to keep goodies and trash, and raw pears and whiskey, away from their tender mouths and stomachs; to give them that never-ending meal of good air, night and day, which is truly food and fire to them and you; to *be* good before as well as to them, to speak and require the truth in love, — that is a wonderful expression, is n’t it? — the truth in love; that, if acted on by us all, would bring the millennium next week; to be plain and homely with them, never *spinning* their minds from you. You are all sorry,



you mothers, when you have to spain their mouths; it is a dreadful business that to both parties; but there is a spaining of the affections still more dreadful, and that need never be, no, never, neither in this world nor in that which is to come. Dr. Waugh, of London, used to say to bereaved mothers, Rachels weeping for their children, and refusing to be comforted, for that simplest of all reasons, because they were not, after giving them God's words of comfort, clapping them on the shoulders, and fixing his mild deep eyes on them (those who remember those eyes well know what they could mean), "My woman, your bairn is where it will have two fathers, but never but one mother."

You should also, when the time comes, explain to your children what about their own health and the ways of the world they ought to know, and for the want of the timely knowledge of which many a life and character has been lost. Show them, moreover, the value you put upon health, by caring for your own.

Do your best to get your sons well married, and soon. By "well married," I mean that they should pair off old-fashionedly, for love, and marry what deserves to be loved, as well as what is lovely. I confess I think falling in love is the best way to begin; but then the moment you fall, you should get up and look about you, and see how the land lies, and whether it is as goodly as it looks. I

don't like walking into love, or being carried into love; or, above all, being sold or selling yourself into it, which, after all, is not it. And by "soon," I mean as soon as they are keeping themselves; for a wife, such a wife as alone I mean, is cheaper to a young man than no wife, and is his best companion.

Then for your duties to yourselves. See that you make yourself do what is *immediately* just to your body, feed it when it is really hungry; let it sleep when it, not its master, desires sleep; make it happy, poor hard-working fellow! and give it a gambol when it wants it and deserves it, and as long as it can execute it. Dancing is just the music of the feet, and the gladness of the young legs, and is well called the poetry of motion. It is like all other natural pleasures, given to be used, and to be not abused, either by yourself or by those who don't like it, and don't enjoy your doing it, — shabby dogs these, beware of them! And if this be done, it is a good and a grace, as well as pleasure, and satisfies some good end of our being, and in its own way glorifies our Maker. Did you ever see anything in this world more beautiful than the lambs running races and dancing round the big stone of the field; and does not your heart get young when you hear, —

"Here we go by Jingo ring,  
Jingo ring, Jingo ring;  
Here we go by Jingo ring,  
About the merry ma tanzie."

This is just a dance in honor of poor old pagan Jingo; measured movements arising from and giving happiness. We have no right to keep ourselves or others from natural pleasures; and we are all too apt to interfere with and judge harshly the pleasures of others; hence we who are stiff and given to other pleasures, and who, now that we are old, know the many wickednesses of the world, are too apt to put the vices of the jaded, empty old heart, like a dark and ghastly fire burnt out, into the feet and the eyes, and the heart and the head of the young. I remember a story of a good old Antiburgher minister. It was in the days when dancing was held to be a great sin, and to be dealt with by the session. Jessie, a comely, and good, and blithe young woman, a great favorite of the minister's, had been guilty of dancing at a friend's wedding. She was summoned before the session to be "dealt with," — the grim old fellows sternly concentrating their eyes upon her, as she stood trembling in her striped short-gown, and her pretty bare feet. The Doctor, who was one of divinity, and a deep thinker, greatly pitying her and himself, said, "Jessie, my woman, were ye dancin'?"

"Yes," sobbed Jessie.

"Ye maun e'en promise never to dance again, Jessie."

"I wull, sir; I wull promise," with a courtesy.

"Now, what were ye thinking o', Jessie, when

ye were dancin' ? tell us truly," said an old elder, who had been a poacher in youth.

"Nae ill, sir," sobbed out the dear little woman.

"Then, Jessie, my woman, aye dance," cried the delighted Doctor.

And so say I, to the extent, that so long as our young girls think "nae ill," they may dance their own and their feet's fills; and so on with all the round of the sunshine and flowers God has thrown on and along the path of his children.

*Lastly*, your duty to your own bodies: to preserve them; to make, or rather let — for they are made so to go — their wheels go sweetly; to keep the *girs* firm round the old barrel; neither to over nor under work our bodies, and to listen to their teaching and their requests, their cries of pain and sorrow; and to keep them as well as your souls unspotted from the world. If you want to know a good book on Physiology, or the Laws of Health and of Life, get Dr. Combe's *Physiology*; and let all you mothers get his delightful *Management of Infancy*. You will love him for his motherly words. You will almost think he might have worn petticoats, — for tenderness he might; but in mind and will and eye he was every inch a man. It is now long since he wrote, but I have seen nothing so good since; he is so intelligent, so reverent, so full of the solemnity, the sacredness, the beauty, and joy of life, and its work; so full of sympathy for

suffering, himself not ignorant of such evil, — for the latter half of his life was a daily, hourly struggle with death, fighting the destroyer from within with the weapons of life, his brain and his conscience. It is very little physiology that you require, so that it is physiology, and is suitable for your need. I can't say I like our common people, or indeed, what we call our ladies and gentlemen, poking curiously into all the ins and outs of our bodies as a general accomplishment, and something to talk of. No, I don't like it. I would rather they chose some other *ology*. But let them get enough to give them awe and love, light and help, guidance and foresight.

These, with good sense and good senses, humility, and a thought of a hereafter in this world as well as in the next, will make us as able to doctor ourselves — especially to act in the *preventive service*, which is your main region of power for good — as in this mortal world we have any reason to expect. And let us keep our hearts young, and they will keep our legs and our arms the same. For we know now that hearts are kept going by having strong, pure, lively blood; if bad blood goes into the heart, it gets angry, and shows this by beating at our breasts, and frightening us; and sometimes it dies of sheer anger and disgust, if its blood is poor or poisoned, thin and white. "He may dee, but he'll never grow auld," said a canty old wife of her old minister, whose check was ruddy like an apple.

*Run for the Doctor* ; don't saunter to him, or go in, by the by, as an old elder of my father's did, when his house was on fire. He was a perfect Nathanael, and lived more in the next world than in this, as you will soon see. One winter night he slipped gently into his neighbor's cottage, and found James Somerville reading aloud by the blaze of the light coal ; he leant over the chair, and waited till James closed the book, when he said, " By the by, I am thinkin' ma hoose is on fire ! " and out he and they all ran, in time to see the auld biggin' fall in with a glorious blaze. So it is too often when that earthly house of ours — our cottage, our tabernacle — is getting on fire. One moment your finger would put out what in an hour all the waters of Clyde would be too late for. If the Doctor is needed, the sooner the better. If he is not, he can tell you so, and you can rejoice that he had a needless journey, and pay him all the more thankfully. So run early and at once. How many deaths — how many lives of suffering and incapacity — may be spared by being in time ! by being a day or two sooner. With children this is especially the case, and with workingmen in the full prime of life. A mustard plaster, a leech, a pill, fifteen drops of Ipecacuanha wine, a bran poultice, a hint, or a stitch in time, may do all and at once, when a red-hot iron, a basinful of blood, all the wisdom of our art, and all the energy of the Doctor, all your tender-

ness and care, are in vain. Many a child's life is saved by an emetic at night, who would be lost in twelve hours. So send in time; it is just to your child or the patient, and to yourself; it is just to your Doctor; for I assure you we Doctors are often sorry, and angry enough, when we find we are too late. It affronts us, and our powers, besides affronting life and all its meanings, and Him who gives it. And we really *enjoy* curing; it is like running and winning a race,—like hunting and finding and killing our game. And then remember to go to the Doctor early in the day, as well as in the disease. I always like my patients to send and say that they would like the Doctor “to call before he goes out!” This is like an Irish message, you will say; but there is “sinse” in it. Fancy a Doctor being sent for, just as he is in bed, to see some one, and on going he finds they had been thinking of sending in the morning, and that he has to run neck and neck with death, with the odds all against him.

I now wind up with some other odds and ends. I give you them as an old wife would empty her pockets,—such wallets they used to be!—in no regular order; here a bit of string, now a bit of gingerbread, now an “aiple,” now a bunch of keys. now an old almanac, now three *lawbees* and a bad shilling, a “when” buttons all marrowless, a thimble, a bit of black sugar, and maybe at the very bottom a “goold guinea.”

*Shoes.* — It is amazing the misery the people of civilization endure in and from their shoes. Nobody is ever, as they should be, comfortable at once in them; they hope in the long-run and after much agony, and when they are nearly done, to make them fit, especially if they can get them once well wet, so that the mighty knob of the big toe may adjust himself and be at ease. For my part, if I were rich, I would advertise for a clean, wholesome man, whose foot was exactly my size, and I would make him wear my shoes till I could put them on, and not know I was in them.\* Why is all this? Why do you see every man's and woman's feet so out of shape? Why are there corns, with their miseries and maledictions? Why the virulence and unreachableness of those that are "soft"? Why do our nails grow in, and sometimes have to be torn violently off?

All because the makers and users of shoes have not common sense, and common reverence for God and his works enough to study the shape and motions of that wonderful pivot on which we turn and progress. Because FASHION, — that demon that I wish I saw dressed in her own crinoline, in bad shoes, a man's old hat, and trailing petticoats, and with her (for she must be a *her*) waist well nipped

\* Frederick the Great kept an aid-de camp for this purpose, and, poor fellow! he sometimes wore them too long, and got a kicking for his pains.



by a circlet of nails with the points inmost, and any other of the small torments, mischiefs, and absurdities she destroys and makes fools of us with, — whom, I say, I wish I saw drummed and hissed, blazing and shrieking, out of the world, — because this contemptible slave, which domineers over her makers, says the shoe must be elegant, must be so and so, and the beautiful living foot must be crushed into it, and human nature must limp along Princess Street and through life natty and wretched.

It makes me angry when I think of all this. Now, do you want to know how to put your feet into new shoes, and yourself into a new world? Go and buy from Edmonston and Douglas sixpence worth of sense, in *Why the Shoe Pinches*; you will, if you get your shoemaker to do as it bids him, go on your ways rejoicing; no more knobby, half-dislocated big toes; no more secret parings, and slashings desperate, in order to get on that pair of exquisite boots or shoes.

Then there is the *Infirmity*. — Nothing I like better than to see subscriptions to this admirable house of help and comfort to the poor, advertised as from the quarrymen of Craigleith; from Mr. Milne the brassfounder's men; from Peeblesshire; from the utmost Orkneys; and from those big, human mastiffs, the navvies. And yet we doctors are often met by the most absurd and obstinate objections by domestic servants in town, and by country

people, to going there. This prejudice is lessening, but it is still great. "O, I canna gang into the Infirmary; I would rather dee!" Would you, indeed? Not you, or, if so, the sooner the better. They have a notion that they are experimented on, and slain by the surgeons; neglected and poisoned by the nurses, etc., etc. Such utter nonsense! I know well about the inner life and work of at least our Infirmary, and of that noble old Minto House, now gone; and I would rather infinitely, were I a servant, 'prentice boy, or shopman, a porter, or student, and anywhere but in a house of my own, and even then, go straight to the Infirmary, than lie in a box-bed off the kitchen, or on the top of the coal-bunker, or in a dark hole in the lobby, or in a double-bedded room. The food, the bedding, the physicians, the surgeons, the clerks, the dressers, the medicines, the wine and porter, — and they don't scrimp these when necessary, — the books, the Bibles, the baths, are all good, — are all better far than one man in ten thousand can command in his own house. So off with a grateful heart and a fearless to the Infirmary, and your mistress can come in and sit beside you; and her doctor and yours will look in and single you out with his smile and word, and cheer you and the ward by a kindly joke, and you will come out well cured, and having seen much to do you good for life. I never knew any one who was once in, afraid of going back; they know better.

There are few things in human nature finer than the devotion and courage of medical men to their hospital and charitable duties ; it is to them a great moral discipline. Not that they don't get good — selfish good — to themselves. Why should n't they ? Nobody does good without getting it ; it is a law of the government of God. But, as a rule, our medical men are not kind and skilful and attentive to their hospital patients, because this is to make them famous, or even because through this they are to get knowledge and fame ; they get all this, and it is their only and their great reward. But they are in the main disinterested men. Honesty is the best policy ; but, as Dr. Whately, in his keen way, says, “ that man is not honest who is so for this reason,” and so with the doctors and their patients. And I am glad to say for my profession, few of them take this second-hand line of duty.

*Beards.* — I am for beards out and out, because I think the Maker of the beard was and is. This is reason enough ; but there are many others. The misery of shaving, its expense, its consumption of time, — a very corporation existing for no other purpose but to shave mankind. Campbell the poet, who had always a bad razor, I suppose, and was late of rising, said he believed the man of civilization who lived to be sixty had suffered more pain in littles every day in shaving than a woman with a large family had from her lyings-in. This would

be hard to prove ; but it is a process that never gets pleasanter by practice ; and then the waste of time and temper, — the ugliness of being ill or unshaven. Now, we can easily see advantages in it ; the masculine gender is intended to be more out of doors, and more in all weathers than the smooth-chinned ones, and this protects him and his Adam's apple from harm. It acts as the best of all respirators to the mason and the east-wind. Besides, it is a glory ; and it must be delightful to have and to stroke a natural beard, not one like bean-stalks or a bottle-brush, but such a beard as Abraham's or Abd-el-Kader's. It is the beginning ever to cut, that makes all the difference. I hazard a theory, that no hair of the head or beard should ever be cut, or needs it, any more than the eyebrows or eyelashes. The finest head of hair I know is one which was never cut. It is not too long ; it is soft and thick. The secret where to stop growing is in the end of the native untouched hair. If you cut it off, the poor hair does not know when to stop ; and if our eyebrows were so cut, they might be made to hang over our eyes, and be wrought into a veil. Besides, think of the waste of substance of the body in hewing away so much hair every morning, and encouraging an endless rotation of crops ! Well, then, I go in for the beards of the next generation, the unshorn beings whose beards will be wagging when we are away ; but of course they must be clean.

But how are we to sup our porridge and kail? Try it when young, when there is just a shadowy down on the upper lip, and no fears but they will do all this "elegantly" even. Nature is slow and gentle in her teaching even the accomplishment of the spoon. And as for women's hair, don't plaster it with scented and sour grease, or with any grease; it has an oil of its own. And don't tie up your hair tight, and make it like a cap of iron over your skull. And why are your ears covered? You hear all the worse, and they are not the cleaner. Besides, the ear is beautiful in itself, and plays its own part in the concert of the features. Go back to the curls, some of you, and try in everything to dress as it becomes you, and as you become; not as that fine lady, or even your own Tibbie or Grizzly chooses to dress, it may be becomingly to her. Why should n't we even in dress be more ourselves than somebody or everybody else?

I had a word about *Teeth*. Don't get young children's teeth drawn. At least, let this be the rule. Bad teeth come of bad health and bad and hot food, and much sugar. I can't say I am a great advocate for the common people going in for tooth-brushes. No, they are not necessary in full health. The healthy man's teeth clean themselves, and so does his skin. A good dose of Gregory often puts away the toothache. It is a great thing, however, to get them early stuffed, if they need it;

that really keeps them and your temper whole. For appearance' sake merely, I hate false teeth, as I hate a wig. But this is not a matter to dogmatize about. I never was, I think, deceived by either false hair, or false teeth, or false eyes, or false cheeks, for there are in the high — I don't call it the great — world, plumpers for making the cheeks round, as well as a certain dust for making them bloom. But you and I don't enjoy such advantages.

*Rheumatism* is peculiarly a disease of the workman. One old physician said its only cure was patience and flannel. Another said six weeks. But I think good flannel and no drunkenness (observe, I don't say no drinking, though very nearly so) are its best preventives. It is a curious thing, the way in which cold gives rheumatism. Suppose a man is heated and gets cooled, and being very well at any rate, and is sitting or sleeping in a draught; the exposed part is chilled; the pores of its skin, which are always exuding and exhaling waste from the body, contract and shut in this bad stuff; it — this is my theory — not getting out is taken up by a blunder of the deluded absorbents, who are always prowling about for something, and it is returned back to the centre, and finds its way into the blood, and poisons it, affecting the heart, and carrying bad money, bad change, bad fat, bad capital all over the body, making nerves, lungs, everything unhappy and

angry. This vitiated blood arrives by and by at the origin of its mischief, the chilled shoulder, and here it wreaks its vengeance, and in doing so, does some general good at local expense. It gives pain; it produces a certain inflammation of its own, and if it is not got rid of by the skin and other ways, it may possibly kill by the rage the body gets in, and the heat; or it may inflame the ill-used heart itself, and then either kill, or give the patient a life of suffering and peril. The medicines we give act not only by detecting this poison of blood, which, like yeast, leavens all in its neighborhood, but by sending it out of the body like a culprit.

*Vaccination.*—One word for this. Never neglect it; get it done within two months after birth, and see that it is well done; and get all your neighbors to do it.

*Infectious Diseases.*—Keep out of their way; kill them by fresh air and cleanliness; defy them by cheerfulness, good food (*better* food than usual, in such epidemics as cholera), good sleep, and a good conscience.

When in the midst of and waiting on those who are under the scourge of an epidemic, be as little very close to the patient as you can, and don't inhale his or her breath or exhalations when you can help it; be rather in the current to, than from him. Be very cleanly in putting away all excretions at once, and quite away; go frequently into the fresh

air; and don't sleep in your day clothes. Do what the Doctor bids you; don't crowd round your dying friend; you are stealing his life in taking his air, and you are quietly killing yourself. This is one of the worst and most unmanageable of our Scottish habits, and many a time have I cleared the room of all but one, and dared them to enter it.

Then you should, in such things as small-pox, as indeed in everything, carry out the Divine injunction, "*Whatsoever* ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." Don't send for the minister to pray with and over the body of a patient in fever or delirium, or a child dying of small-pox or malignant scarlet fever; tell him, by all means, and let him pray with you, and for your child. Prayers, you know, are like gravitation, or the light of heaven; they will go from whatever place they are uttered; and if they are real prayers, they go straight and home to the centre, the focus of all things; and you know that poor fellow with the crust of typhus on his lips, and its nonsense on his tongue, — that child tossing in misery, not knowing even its own mother, — what can they know, what heed can they give to the prayer of the minister? He may do all the good he can, — the most good maybe when, like Moses on the hillside, in the battle with Amalck, he uplifts his hands apart. No! a word spoken by your minister to himself and his God, a single sigh for mercy to



him who is mercy, a cry of hope, of despair of self, opening into trust in him, may save that child's life, when an angel might pour forth in vain his burning, imploring words into the dull or wild ears of the sufferer, in the vain hope of getting *him* to pray. I never would allow my father to go to typhus cases; and I don't think they lost anything by it. I have seen him rising in the dark of his room from his knees, and I knew whose case he had been laying at the footstool.

And now, my dear friends, I find I have exhausted our time, and never yet got to the sermon, and its text — "*That the way of God*" — what is it? It is his design in setting you here; it is the road he wishes you to walk in; it is his providence in your minutest as in the world's mightiest things; it is his will expressed in his works and word, and in your own soul it is his salvation. That it "*may be known*," that the understandings of his intelligent, responsible, mortal and immortal creatures should be directed to it, to study and (as far as we ever can or need) to understand that which, in its fulness, passes all understanding; that it may be known "*on the earth*," here, in this very room, this very minute; not, as too many preachers and performers do, to be known only in the next world, — men who, looking at the stars, stumble at their own door, and it may be *smoor* their own child, besides despising, upsetting, and extinguishing their

own lantern. No! the next world is only to be reached through this; and our road through this our wilderness is not safe unless on the far beyond there is shining the lighthouse on the other side of the dark river that has no bridge. Then "*His saving health*"; His health — whose? — God's — his soundness, the wholeness, the perfectness, that is alone in and from him, — health of body, of heart, and brain, health to the finger-ends, health for eternity as well as time. "*Saving*"; we need to be saved, and we are salvable, this is much; and God's health can save us, that is more. When a man or woman is fainting from loss of blood, we sometimes try to save them, when all but gone, by transfusing the warm rich blood of another into their veins. Now this is what God, through his Son, desires to do; to transfuse his blood, himself, through his Son, who is himself, into us, diseased and weak. "*And*" refers to his health being "*known*," recognized, accepted, used, "*among all nations*"; not among the U.P.s, or the Frees, or the Residuaries, or the Baptists, or the New Jerusalem people, — nor among us in the Canongate, or in Biggar, or even in old Scotland, but "*among all nations*"; then, and only then, will the people praise thee, O God; will all the people praise thee. then, and then only, will the earth yield her increase, and God, even our own God, will bless us. God will bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

And now, my dear and patient friends, we must say good night. You have been very attentive, and it has been a great pleasure to me as we went on to preach to you. We came to understand one another. You saw through my jokes, and that they were not always nothing but jokes. You bore with my solemnities, because I am not altogether solemn; and so good night, and God bless you, and may you, as Don Quixote, on his death-bed, says to Saücho, May you have your eyes closed by the soft fingers of your great-grandchildren. But no, I must shake hands with you, and kiss the bairns, — why should n't I? if their mouths are clean and their breath sweet? As for you, *Ailie*, you are wearying for the child; and he is tumbling and fretting in his cradle, and wearying for you; good by, and away you go on your milky way. I wish I could (unseen) see you two enjoying each other. And good night, my bonnie *wife*; you are sleepy, and you must be up to make your father's porridge; and *Master William Winkie*, will you be still for one moment while I address you? Well, Master William, *wamble* not off your mother's lap, neither rattle in your excruciating way in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon; no more crowing like a cock, or skirlin' like a ken-na-what. I had much more to say to you, sir, but you will not bide still; off with you, and a blessing with you.

Good night, *Hugh Cleland*, the best smith of any

smiddy ; with your bowly back, your huge arms, your big heavy brows and eyebrows, your clear eye, and warm unforgetting heart. And you, *John Noble*, let me grip your horny hand, and count the queer knobs made by the perpetual mell. I used, when I was a Willie Winkie, and wee, to think that you were born with them. Never mind, you were born for them, and of old you handled the trowel well, and built to the plumb. *Thomas Bertram*, your loom is at a discount, but many's the happy day I have watched you and your shuttle, and the interweaving treadles, and all the mysteries of setting the "wab." You are looking well, and though not the least of an ass, you might play Bottom must substantially yet. *Andrew Wilson*, across the waste of forty years and more I snuff the fragrance of your shop ; have you forgiven me yet for stealing your paint-pot (awful joy !) for ten minutes to adorn my rabbit-house, and for blunting your pet *farmer* ? Wise you were always, and in the saw-pit you spoke little, and wore your crape. Yourself wears well, but take heed of swallowing your shavings unawares, as is the trick of you "wrights" ; they confound the interior and perplex the Doctor.

*Rob Rough*, you smell of rosin, and your look is stern, nevertheless, or all the rather, give me your hand. What a grip ! You have been the most sceptical of all my hearers ; you like to try every-

thing, and you hold fast only what you consider good; and then on your *crepida* or stool, you have your own think about everything human and divine, as you smite down errors on the lapstane, and “yerk” your arguments with a well-rosined lingle; throw your window open for yourself as well as for your blackbird; and make your shoes not to pinch. I present you, sir, with a copy of the book of the wise Switzer.

And nimble *Pillans*, the clothier of the race, and quick as your needle, strong as your corduroys, I bid you good night. May you and the cooper be like him of Fogo, each a better man than his father; and you, *Mungo* the mole-catcher, and *Tod Laurie*, and *Sir Robert* the cadger, and all the other odd people, I shake your fists twice, for I like your line. I often wish I had been a mole-catcher, with a brown velveteen, or (fine touch of tailorlic fancy!) a mole-skin coat; not that I dislike moles, — I once ate the fore-quarter of one, having stewed it in a Florence flask, some forty years ago, and liked it, — but I like the killing of them, and the country by-ways, and the regularly irregular life, and the importance of my trade.

And good night to you all, you women-folks. *Marion Graham* the milkwoman; *Tibbie Meek* the single servant; *Jenny Muir* the sempstress; *Mother Johnston* the howdie, thou consequential Mrs. Gamp, presiding at the gates of life; and you in the corner

there, *Nancy Cairns*, gray-haired, meek and old, with your crimped mutch as white as snow; the shepherd's widow, the now childless mother, you are stepping home to your *bein* and lonely room, where your cat is now ravelling a' her thrums, wondering where "she" is.

Good night to you all, big and little, young and old; and go home to your bedside, there is Some One waiting there for you, and his Son is here ready to take you to him. Yes, he is waiting for every one of you, and you have only to say, "Father, I have sinned, — make me" — and he sees you a great way off. But to reverse the parable; it is the first-born, your elder brother, who is at your side, and leads you to your Father, and says, "I have paid his debt"; that Son who is ever with him, whose is all that he hath.

I need not say more. You know what I mean. You know who is waiting, and you know who it is who stands beside you, having the likeness of the Son of Man. Good night! The night cometh in which neither you nor I can work, — may we work while it is day; whatsoever thy *hand* findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work or device in the grave, whither we are all of us hastening; and when the night is spent, may we all enter on a healthful, a happy, an everlasting to-morrow!









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*See page opposite inside of first cover.*

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